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IN THE LONG AGO.

BY G. C. K.

We're here to-night in the silence,
And the light is dim and low,
But my thoughts are ever kept busy
With the memories of long ago.
Yes, my thoughts are ever turning
To those dear old days gone by,
As together now we're sitting—
Your picture, the past and I.

Ah! the past!—will I ever forget it,
With all of its pleasure and pain?
Alas! I know, for I've tried it,
And the trying was only in vain.
Little then I thought of the future,
And of the years that were to be,
For, oh, I was rich in your friendship,
And sorrow was strange to me.

But here in the silence I'm thinking
Much of the future and of the past,
Wondering if the old-time friendship
Remains the same—true and fast.
Or if I shall see you hereafter
As you were in the long ago,
With your same glad smile of greeting,
With your words, so kind and low.

BY UNSEEN HANDS

—OR—

WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY?

BY WYNNE WYNTERS.

PROLOGUE.

SIDE by side with his dignified, handsome wife, Lord Bernard Clanavon, Earl of Alceston, stood receiving his guests in the spacious corridor which led into the brilliantly-lit ball-room of his town mansion. It was getting on toward midnight, but the stream of arrivals was scarcely yet lessened, and the broad marble staircase, lined with banks of palms and sweet-smelling exotics, was still thronged with graceful women in marvellous costumes and flashing jewelry, and tall, distinguished-looking men, some in gorgeous uniforms, with crosses and orders glistening upon their breasts, a few in court dress, and fewer still in the ordinary evening garb of civilians. For it was the first function of any social importance of a season which promised to be an exceptionally brilliant one, and nobody who was anybody at all in the charmed circle of London society would have thought of missing it. And so they trooped up the crimson-druggeted stairs in incongruous array—statesmen and peers, learned men and poets, men of the world and men of letters, the former with, the latter in most cases without, their womenkind; and very few indeed passed on into the ball-room without receiving some graceful little speech of welcome from their courteous host or charming hostess.

A politician, a diplomatist, and the head of a noble family, Lord Alceston was a very well-known and popular leader of the world in which he lived. It would have been strange, indeed, had he been other than popular. Look at him as he bends low over the plump little hand of the Duchess of M—— and welcomes her with a little speech which in one sentence contains an epigram and a compliment. His face possesses the rare combination of an essentially patrician type of features and distinct expressiveness. There is nothing cold about his light blue eyes or his small, firm mouth, although the former are clear and piercing as an eagle's, and about the latter there lurks not the slightest trace of that indecision which so often mars faces of that type. The streaks of gray in his coal-black hair seem only to lend him an added dignity, and the slight stoop of his high shoulders is more the stoop of the horseman or the student than the stoop of gaucherie—rather graceful than otherwise, for, notwithstanding it, he still towers head and shoulders over the majority of the guests whom he is welcoming. He looks what he certainly is—an aristocrat and a man of perfect breeding; the very prototype of an Englishman of high birth. So much for his appearance—and enough, for he will not long trouble the pages of this story. Of his wife it is not necessary here to say more than that she looks his wife. She, too, is handsome, dignified, and aristocratic, and if society admires and reverences Lord Alceston, it adores his wife.

At last the stream grows a little thinner. A great many have arrived in a body from a ducal dinner-party, and when these have made their bow and passed on through the curtained archway to where the Guard's band is playing the most delightful of Waldteufel's waltzes, there comes a lull. Her ladyship, closing her fan with a little snap, glances down the empty staircase and up at her husband. He stifles the very slightest of yawns, and, smiling apologetically, offers her his arm with a courtesy which, but for his charm of manner, might have seemed a trifle elaborate.

"I think that we might venture now," he remarked suavely. "You are a little fatigued, I fear."

She shrugged her white shoulders, flashing with diamonds, and laid her delicate little fingers upon his coat sleeve.

"A mere trifle. Whatever does Neillson want here, I wonder?"

Lord Alceston paused, and, turning round, faced a tall, grave-looking servant, in a suit of sober black, who was advancing slowly toward him, making his way through the throng of liveried footmen who lined the staircase. He carried a small silver salver in his hand, upon which reposed a single note.

"Is that anything important, Neillson?" asked his master, frowning slightly.

"I believe so, my lord," the man answered apologetically, "or I would not have taken the liberty of bringing it now. The bearer declined to wait for an answer."

During the commencement of his servant's speech Lord Alceston's eyes had rested idly upon the superscription of the note which lay before him. Before its conclusion, however, a remarkable change had taken place in his manner. He made no movement, nor did he ask any question. He simply stood quite still, as though turned to stone, holding his breath even, gazing steadfastly down at the one line of address on the note. It seemed to have fascinated him; he did not even put out his hand to take it from the salver until Neillson reminded him of it again.

"Will your lordship take the note?" he said in a low tone.

Lord Alceston stretched out his hand and took it after a momentary hesitation, which was very much like an involuntary shiver. Directly his fingers had closed upon it he seemed himself again.

He looked swiftly around to see that no one had observed his passing agitation, and was satisfied. The footmen standing in line were still absorbed, partly in their duties, partly in the contemplation of their calves. His wife had been struggling with a refractory bracelet, which she had only just adjusted. Neillson alone had been in a position to notice anything unusual.

"You did quite right, Neillson. You will excuse me for one moment?" he added, turning to the Countess. "This despatch may possibly require my immediate attention."

She bowed her head languidly, and, sinking down upon a settee, recommenced fanning herself. Lord Alceston moved a little on one side, crushing up the note which he had taken from the salver in his slim, delicate fingers. For a moment he hesitated, and seemed inclined to destroy it unopened. The impulse, however, passed away, and, standing back behind some tall palms which half-concealed him from his wife, he tore it nervously open.

Whatever the contents might have been they could have consisted of only a very few words, for he seemed to master them at a glance. But he did not immediately return to his wife's side. He stood there for more than a minute, with his back turned to her and the little troop of servants, and a very strange look in his face. One hand was pressed close to his side as though to ease some pain there, and the fingers of the other were locked around the half sheet of note paper which he had just received, crumpling it up into a scarcely recognizable mass. He had all the appearance of a man who has received a blow which for the moment has withered up all his faculties. His features were still impassive, but his face had a cold, numbed look, and all the light had died out of his eyes, leaving them glassy and dim. For a brief while he stood as motionless as a statue; then suddenly he shivered like a man awakening from a hideous nightmare, and moved his hand quickly from his side to his cold, damp forehead.

Lady Alceston, who could only see his back, and that imperfectly, began to wonder what was the matter. She rose and walked slowly over toward him. The sound of her rustling skirts trailing over the thick, soft carpet seemed to suddenly recall him from his abstracted state. He turned round slowly and faced her.

"It is necessary for me to write an answer to this note," he remarked quietly. "If my absence for a few minutes is observed, you will be able to make some excuse for me. The matter is really an important one."

She raised her eyebrows, but was too well bred to evince much surprise, or even curiosity.

"From Downing Street?" she inquired, nonchalantly. "I didn't notice the seal."

"Yes; from Downing Street," he answered. "It may take me some little time to answer, but you may rely upon my being as expeditious as possible."

She turned away with a slight inclination of the head, and, leaving him, entered the ball-room. He moved forward and gravely held the curtain open for her, taking it from the hand of a servant who was stationed there; then he retraced his steps, and, leaving the ante-room by a private door, passed down a flight of stairs, through another door, and along a passage until he reached the apartment on the ground-floor which he called his study.

It was a great room, finely proportioned and handsomely furnished, lined with books from floor to ceiling—a worthy study even for Lord Alceston, scholar, author, and politician. He paced across the thick, dark carpet like a man in a dream, with fixed gaze and slow movements, and sank into a chair in front of a black ebony writing-table strewn with letters, and piles of correspondence, and blue-books. For a moment he sat bolt upright, gazing into vacancy, or rather at the thick crimson curtains which hung before him, then suddenly his head dropped upon his folded arms and remained buried there for nearly a quarter of an hour. When he looked up his face was scarred and lined, as though with some swift, terrible trouble—as though he were passing through some fierce ordeal.

He poured himself a glass of water from a carafe which stood at his elbow and drank it slowly. Then he set the empty glass down, and, leaning forward in his chair, pressed the knob of an electric bell in the wall opposite to him.

Almost immediately there was a soft knock at the door, and his servant Neillson appeared.

Lord Alceston looked at him fixedly, as though seeking to discover something in the man's face. If he had hoped to do so, however, he was disappointed, for it remained absolutely impassive. The only expression discernible was one of respectful attention. His master withdrew his searching gaze with a slight movement of impatience, and gave his orders with his eyes fixed upon the table before him.

"Get my ulster from my room, Neillson, and fetch me a hansom—to the mews door, of course."

"Very good, my lord."

Neillson was a perfectly trained servant, but he had not been able to conceal a slight start of surprise. Lord Alceston noticed it and frowned.

"Neillson," he said, "you will remember what I told you when you entered my service?"

The man bowed.

"I do, my lord. I was to be surprised at no orders which you might give me and never to repeat them."

Lord Alceston nodded.

"Very good; remember to obey them in the present instance."

"I shall do so, my lord."

The door closed, and Lord Alceston was left alone for a minute. He looked carefully around, as though to assure himself of the fact, for the reading-lamp upon his desk was heavily shaded and was quite insufficient to dispel the gloom which hung about the vast room. Suddenly he rose and walked with swift silent footsteps to the furthermost corner, in which stood a black oak chest with old fashioned brass rings. He paused to listen for a moment—there was no sign of Neillson's return. Then he drew a bunch of keys from his pocket, opened one of the lower drawers, and, pushing his hand back to the remote corner, felt about for a moment. Apparently he found what he wanted, for suddenly he withdrew his hand, transferred some object to his pocket and returned to his seat. Almost immediately Neillson reappeared, carrying the ulster under his arm.

"The hansom is at the mews door, my lord," he said, holding up the coat.

Lord Alceston rose and suffered himself to be helped into it.

"Very good. You fetched it yourself, I hope?"

"Certainly, my lord. Is there anything else?"

His master buttoned his coat up to his ears, and drawing a slouch cap from the pocket, pulled it over his forehead. Then he hesitated for a moment.

"No, there is nothing else at present, Neillson," he answered slowly. "I shall lock this door, and if I am inquired for you can let it be understood that I am engaged upon an important despatch."

The man bowed and withdrew. Lord Alceston, drawing out his key from his pocket, followed him to the door and carefully locked it on the inside. Then, re-crossing the room, he drew aside a Japanese screen and unlocked a small green baize door, which closed after him with a spring. He was then in a long dark passage, along which he passed rapidly until he emerged into a quiet side street,

at the corner of which a cab was waiting. Without waiting to speak to the man, he stepped quickly inside and pulled down the window. The driver opened his trap-door and looked down.

"Where to, sir?" he asked.

It was half a minute before Lord Alceston answered. Then he gave the address with some hesitation, and in so low a tone that he had to repeat it. The man touched his hat, closed the trap-door, and drove off.

* * * * * *

Two hours had passed since Lord Alceston had left his wife's side, and he was back among his guests again. Certainly he was amply atoning for his brief desertion of them, for every one was declaring that he was one of the most charming of hosts. He seemed to be in all places at all times, and to be incapable of fatigue. Now he was the life and soul of a little group of gossiping politicians, now among a bevy of dowagers telling a story which was just sufficiently risque to awaken their keen interest without making them feel bound to appear unnaturally prudish, and consequently putting them all in a delightful temper. Now he was acting as his own master of ceremonies, and introducing exactly the right people to one another, and now he was walking through the mazes of a square dance with an old-fashioned stately dignity which many of the younger men envied. Wherever he went he seemed to drive gloom before him and to breathe gayety into the dullest of the dull.

Even his wife watched him admiringly, and wished that he would always exert himself as he was doing then, for there were times, as she well knew, when he was but a nonchalant host. But to-night he was excelling himself; he was brilliant, dignified, and full of tact. She began to wonder, as she paced slowly through the rooms on the arm of a Grand Duke, and answered with sweet smiles but only partial attention his labored commonplaces, whether that note from Downing Street had brought any good news.

Visions of her husband at the head of the Cabinet, and entertaining for his party, began to float before her eyes, and she gave herself up to them until the growing coolness of her companion's manner warned her to abandon dreaming for the present and devote herself to her duties. But she made a mental note to inquire of her husband respecting that note at her earliest opportunity.

At last the spacious rooms began to thin. Royalty had come and gone; the perfume of exotics was growing fainter and fainter and the fairy lights were growing dimmer and dimmer. Faster than before all the plagues of Egypt do London beauties fly before the daylight after a night's dancing, and the guests were departing in shoals before the faint gleams of approaching morning. At last their hour of release had come, and Lord Alceston sought his wife.

"I have a letter to write for the morning post," he remarked. "With your permission I will come to your room for a cup of tea in half an hour."

Lady Alceston, seeing that save for the servants they were alone, indulged in the luxury of a yawn before she answered:

"Do. I want to have a few minutes' talk. Don't be longer. Everything has gone off well, I think?"

"Thanks to your admirable arrangements yes, I think so," he answered courteously. And then, with the smile still lingering on his lips, he turned away and went to his library.

Apparently he soon forgot his wife's invitation, for the first thing he did was to order a cup of strong tea to be brought to him at once. Neillson laid it down by his side on the table, and was about to depart when his master called him back.

"Neillson, I've lost the key of the baize door somewhere this morning. Send down to Bellson's the locksmith, as soon as you think that he will be up, and have another one made."

"Very good, my lord. Shall you require me again?"

Lord Alceston drew out his watch and looked at it. It was four o'clock. He hesitated with it still in his hand.

"If I do not ring for you in half an hour you can go to bed," he decided.

The door closed, and Lord Alceston was left alone. For a moment or two he sipped his tea leisurely. Then, drawing some paper toward him, he commenced to write.

He had covered two sheets of note paper and had commenced the third when he suddenly ceased writing and started violently. Leaning forward he pressed the knob of the electric bell, and then, half fearfully, he turned slowly round and glanced across the room. Save for the heavily-shaded lamp which stood on his table it was still unilluminated, and the greater part of it was enveloped in shadow, for the closely-drawn curtains completely shut out the struggling daylight. Lord Alceston drew the shade from his lamp with fingers which trembled a little and held it high over his head while he looked searchingly around.

There was a soft knock at the door, and Neillson entered. Lord Alceston put down the lamp with an unmistakable gesture of relief.

"Neillson," he said, quietly, "there is some one in the room."

Neillson looked around and then back at his master incredulously.

"Some one in the room, my lord?" he repeated. "Impossible! I beg your lordship's pardon," he added confusedly, "I meant——"

"Never mind what you meant, Neillson," interrupted his master. "Look behind that screen."

Neillson approached the screen very gingerly and peered around it.

"There's no one there, my lord," he declared, with relief. Side by side they walked round the apartment, Lord Alceston holding the lamp above his head. They discovered nothing. Obviously, save themselves there was no one else in the room. Lord Alceston resumed his seat and set the lamp down.

"It's a very strange thing," he said, in a low tone. "I'm not a nervous man, and my hearing is remarkably good. I could have sworn that I heard a shuffling footstep. Neillson, fetch my revolver from my room, and see that all the chambers are loaded."

Neillson withdrew, and during his brief absence Lord Alceston sat round in his chair with his eyes restlessly wandering about the interior of the apartment. Presently Neillson reappeared and silently laid a small shining revolver on the desk by his master's side.

"Anything further, your lordship?"

"No, you can go to bed now! I suppose it must have been fancy. Just see, though, whether the baize door is securely locked."

Neillson crossed the room and tried it.

"It is locked, your lordship," he declared.

"Very good; you can go."

The door closed, and Lord Alceston, after one more furtive glance around, slowly finished his tea, drew the revolver close to his side and recommenced writing. He had barely finished another page, however, before his pen suddenly stopped upon the paper and his heart gave a great throb. Again he heard, this time without the possibility of any mistake, and close behind him, that low, stealthy sound. He dropped his pen and stretched out his shaking fingers for the revolver; but even when his hand had closed upon it he could not turn round. A cold horror seemed to have stolen over him, freezing his blood and numbing his limbs. All his sensations were those of a man in a hideous nightmare: but his was no nightmare.

Again came the stealthy sound of a cat-like tread close to his chair. A hot breath upon his neck, and then, as life flowed suddenly again into his veins, and he strove to cry out, a handkerchief was pressed into his open mouth and he felt his senses reel before the swift, deadly influence of the chloroform with which it was soaked. Still he struggled for a moment, half turned round in his chair, and caught a glimpse of a pair of burning eyes fixed upon his, and read murder in them.

"You?" he gasped. "You?"

One arm seized his, and held them from behind. A swift gleam of blue steel flashed before his eyes; a sudden pain. It was over in a moment.

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There was a brisk sale for the evening papers on the following day. All down the Strand and round Trafalgar Square the eager newsboys were shouting out their terrible tidings, and for the lover of sensation there was very good value indeed in exchange for his penny. Placards leaned against the walls, were spread out upon the pavement, and were almost thrust into the faces of the ever-hurrying throngs of passers-by, and this is what they announced:

AWFUL MURDER
OF THE
EARL OF ALCESTON!

and a little lower down—

ANOTHER TERRIBLE MURDER IN THE EAST END!

An immense sensation was created this morning in all circles by the rumor, which has unhappily proved too true, that the Earl of Alceston had been found at an early hour this morning in his library with his throat cut and quite dead. On inquiry at Grosvenor Square this morning, our representative was put in possession of such facts as are already known. Briefly, they are as follows:

It seems that during the holding of a reception and ball last night Lord Alceston received a letter, the origin of which is at present a mystery, which compelled him to absent himself for some considerable period from his guests. Later on in the evening, however, he rejoined them, and it was universally remarked that his lordship had never appeared in better health or spirits. Nothing futher happened, to connect the receipt of this letter with the fearful crime which we have to report. After the departure of his guests, his lordship went straight to his library, promising to join his wife and take tea with her in half an hour. All we have been able to gather of what subsequently occurred is, that about nine o'clock this morning, as she had seen nothing of her husband, and had not heard him go to his room, Lady Alceston sent her maid to make inquiries. She went in company with a footman at once to the library, and, being unable to procure admission or to obtain any reply, summoned help, with the result that the door was forced open and the terrible spectacle disclosed of Lord Alceston leaning forward on the writing-table, with his clothes and face covered with blood and his throat cut completely round from to side.

Although we are not at liberty, for obvious reasons, to state more at present, we understand that further startling disclosures have been made to the police by members of the household, but that at present there is no clue to the murderer.

1:30 P. M.—His late lordship's valet, Philip Neillson, is believed to have absconded, not having been seen or heard of this morning.

2 P. M.—A warrant has been issued for the arrest of the man Neillson on suspicion of having been concerned in the murder of his master, the Earl of Alceston. The accused has not yet been found.

4 P. M.—It is now ascertained beyond doubt that Neillson has absconded. The police are making every effort to trace him, and are confident of success.

The deceased earl was the third son of Rupert Clanavon, Earl of Alceston, from whom he inherited the title and estates, and was the sixth peer. During his youth he held a commission in the Second Life Guards and served with distinction through the Crimean campaign. On the death of his two elder brothers, however, his lordship left the army, and, taking his seat in the House of Peers, devoted himself to politics. His lordship was created a K. C. C. in 18—, was a member of the Privy Council, and quite recently his name was mentioned as the probable successor to Lord H—— in the Cabinet. The deceased peer was married in 18— to the Lady Margaret Agnes Montand, only daughter of the Earl of Montand, and leaves an only son, Lord Bernard Clanavon, who succeeds to the title and entailed estates.

Below, cast almost into insignificance by such a heinous crime as the murder of a peer of the realm, was a short paragraph headed:

ANOTHER TRAGEDY IN THE EAST END.

MURDER OF A WOMAN IN A LODGING HOUSE.

Just before going to press information came to hand of another awful murder in Riddell Street, Bethnal Green Road. On being called, according to custom, by the proprietress of the lodging-house, a woman who went by the name of Mary Ward was discovered lying across her bed quite dead, and stabbed to the heart by some sharp instrument. The deceased woman was known to have been visited by three men during the early part of the night, the latter of whom left hurriedly, but no struggles or cries of any sort were heard, and no suspicion was entertained of foul play. It is not known whether any of the other lodgers will be able to identify or give any description of either of the men said to have visited the deceased. Failing this, it seems highly probable that this crime will be another addition to the long catalogue of undiscovered murders in this locality. We are not at present in a position to state definitely whether there is anything to justify the supposition that this most recent crime is by the same hand and for the same purpose as others committed in this neighborhood, as the police are maintaining a strict reticence in the matter.

And so for one night, at least, Londoners had plenty of horrors to gorge themselves upon and to discuss eagerly in public-house and club, railway carriage and omnibus, restaurant and street corner. Two murders in one night, and both wrapped in mystery! What food for the sensation monger, what a fund of conversation for the general public—carmen in their public-houses, society at their clubs and social functions. Pleasure seekers, dining and supping at their favorite restaurants, were ready with their solemn expressions of horror and their more or less absurd theories. A million tongues were busy with this one subject, bandying backward and forward the name of the peer and the name of the woman. Truly is fame in death!

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In his stately bedchamber, on snowy sheets, pillowed with lace, and strewn with flowers, his fine face white and rigid with the calm of death, lay Bernard, Lord Alceston, Earl of Harrowdean; and on a coarse straw mattress, barely covered over by a ragged, none too clean, coverlet, in a Bethnal Green lodging-house, lay the woman who had called herself Mary Ward. For him there were mourners, at least in name, and loud in lament—for her there were none. But, after all, what did it matter? Around him, as around her, the great world of London revolved without change in its mighty cycles of vice and misery, pleasure-seeking and fortune-spending, and if more voices were lowered at his name than hers, more tears dropped over his damask sheets than over her ragged coverlet, what matter? Whose was the profit?

CHAPTER I.

LORD CLANAVON'S TRAVELING COMPANION.

"UPON my word you're a very amusing fellow."

The person addressed flushed as though offended by the patronizing tone in which these words were carelessly spoken. But his annoyance, if indeed he felt any, was evidently short-lived, for he answered back readily enough, with a little laugh:

"Glad you think so; very glad. It isn't every day, you see, that a poor fellow like me has the chance of amusing a milord—especially an English one."

"Milord" arched his eyebrows, and not having detected the faint tinge of sarcasm in the other's tone, put this remark down to pure snobbishness. So he withdrew a little further into the corner of the comfortable first-class railway carriage, of which the two men were the only occupants, and remained silent for a few moments, idly strumming upon the window panes with his fingers.

"How did you know my name?" he asked, abruptly, turning again toward his fellow-passenger.

"I didn't say that I did know it," was the reply. "I heard your servant call you 'my lord' on the boat, and there's a coronet on your bag there, unless my eyes deceive me, which they very seldom do. Voila tout."

"Did you cross from Calais then? I didn't see you."

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"Very likely not. In fact, it would have been very strange if you had seen me, considering that I was in my cabin all the while."

"Sea-sick?" inquired "milord" contemptuously.

"Yes, sea-sick," was the unhesitating admission of his vis-a-vis. "I've never crossed yet without being sea-sick."

The frankness of the confession was not without its effect upon the person to whom it was made. "Milord," although he was a yachtsman and a born sailor, and had all a healthy young Englishman's contempt for effeminacy in any shape or form, smiled indulgently.

"Sorry for you. I was myself once, in the Bay of Biscay when I was eleven years old, and I haven't forgotten it. Deuced uncomfortable sensation it was."

The difference between these two men, whom chance had thus thrown together on their journey from Dover to Waterloo, was very marked indeed. "Milord" was a typical young British aristocrat, with long straight limbs, smooth, fair face, a little tanned by exposure to all sorts of weather; well-cut features, about which there hovered a slight vacuity of expression common among young men of the higher orders who have nothing particular to do with themselves, and which was perhaps a little heightened by the single eye-glass which obscured one of his clear blue eyes. He was dressed in a light check traveling suit, colored shirt, with a white silk tie, and a small bunch of Parma violets in his buttonhole. He wore no gloves, and his hands, though shapely

were hard and brown. A well-worn tobacco-pouch was open by his side, from which he had recently replenished the deeply-colored meerschaum pipe which he was smoking. Then as a whole, his appearance was distinctly aristocratic, with a dash of the Bohemian. At any rate, no one could possibly have mistaken him for anything else but a gentleman.

His companion was a man of an altogether different stamp. His hair and mustache, once jet-black, were plentifully besprinkled with gray, and his small oval face was deeply lined. His features, though not striking, were refined and delicate, and his prominent forehead and deep clear eyes gave him somewhat the air of a student, which, however, his restless, almost flippant, manner in a measure contradicted.

His manners, indeed, were the least pleasing part about him—alternately nervous and inquisitive, laboured and careless. He was ill, almost shabbily, dressed, and many little details about his person and tout ensemble were obnoxious to his more distinguished fellow-passenger. Still, he had told some funny stories and had made himself very amusing without attempting to be familiar, and Lord Clanavon, whom two things—railway traveling and his own company—always bored exceedingly, felt faintly grateful to this stranger of doubtful appearance for relieving the monotony of his journey, and decided to tolerate him for the brief remainder of it.

"You didn't come up from Paris, did you?" he inquired carelessly.

"Yes."

"And you were on the boat, too? Seems queer I didn't see you somewhere about."

"I was below most of the time on the boat," the other reminded him.

"Ah, yes. I suppose that was it. I thought I'd watched every one on board at Calais, too. There was a bit of a crush, though, and I must have missed you. Hallo! isn't that your ticket on the floor?" he added, pointing to it with his foot.

The other stooped forward quickly and picked it up. But Lord Clanavon's eyes were keen, and the ticket had fallen upon it back.

"Why didn't you book through from Paris?" he asked curiously. "That ticket's only from Dover, isn't it?"

"That's all. The fact is, I lost my ticket somewhere, and had to re-book from Dover. A nuisance, but it couldn't be helped.

There was a brief silence, during which Lord Clanavon yawned several times, and as his companion had ceased to be amusing, he picked up a sporting paper and studied it for a few minutes. Then the train ran into Waterloo, and he rose and stretched himself with an air of relief.

His fellow-passenger was the first to alight. Lord Clanavon returned his parting salute with a slightly condescending nod, then stepped out of the carriage himself, and, lighting a cigar, looked around for his servant. In a moment or two he came hurrying up.

"Bring out my traps and take them round to Grosvenor Square in a cab, Burdett," he ordered. "I shall walk. What the mischief's the matter with you?" he added, in an altered tone, looking hard into the man's face; "you look as though you'd seen a ghost."

"It's—nothing particular, my lord," Burdett answered, plunging into the carriage and busying himself folding up papers and collecting his master's belongings. "It was rather a rough passage, my lord, and I think it must have upset me a little."

Lord Clanavon, one of the most truthful young men in the world, accepted his servant's explanation at once, though he glanced again with some curiosity into his pale, averted face.

"I should have thought that you would have been used to it by now," he remarked. "There's some brandy in that flask on the seat. Help yourself, if you feel bad."

"Thank you, my lord," Burdett answered in a low tone; but instead of doing so he ceased for a moment in his task and watched his young master's retreating figure with tears in his eyes.

"I ought to have told him," he groaned; "but I daren't. Oh! poor Mr. Bernard! Whatever will he do when he knows!"

CHAPTER II.

A BITTER WELCOME.

LORD BERNARD CLANAVON was a young man who had earned for himself the reputation of extreme eccentricity. Even his father and mother, whose only and very much spoiled son he was, found themselves often forced to admit that he was odd. He had none of the vices, and very few of the habits, of other young men of his class, which was all very well as far as it went; but it had its disadvantages.

London life bored him, and the country, except during certain months of the year, was still less to his taste; consequently he spent a good deal of his time abroad; and, being difficult to suit in the matter of companionship, he spent most of it alone. Another of his peculiarities was that he detested having letters, and never, unless compelled, wrote them. To escape from a correspondence which, had his whereabouts been known, would have been inevitable, he made a point of never giving an address even to his own people, simply telling them the date of his return, to which he was always faithful.

A month ago he had left London for Rome, with the remark that he would return on June 15, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of that day he was strolling over Waterloo Bridge on his way westward. A little distance behind, on the opposite side of the road, followed his late traveling companion.

It was a fine afternoon, and the Strand was thronged with foot passengers and the streets with a ceaseless stream of vehicles. Lord Clanavon was evidently enjoying his walk. Head and shoulders taller than most of the crowd, he walked leisurely along, still smoking, and every now and then pausing to look in at a shop window or read the placards outside a theatre. The newsboys, who lined the gutters on the street, were making the air vibrate with their hideous news, but, partly on account of the great roar of traffic and partly owing to habitual inattention, he walked on serenely indifferent to their voluble cries.

Close behind was his traveling companion, who watched him eagerly each time he passed one of the newspaper sellers, and whose face was gradually becoming savagely overcast. At last the blow fell. Close to Charing Cross Lord Clanavon paused with the evident intention of crossing the road, and as he stood on the curbstone waiting for an omnibus to pass, his eyes fell upon a placard which was thrust almost into his face by an eager newsboy, and his ears were saluted at the same time by the cry which was echoing all down the Strand:

"Hawful tragedy in the West End! 'Orrible murder of the Earl of Harrowdean! Full particulars!"

For the space of fully thirty seconds Lord Clanavon stood perfectly still on the edge of the pathway as if turned into a figure of stone. Then a ghastly paleness crept into his cheeks, banishing all his ruddy manly color, and he swayed backward as though about to fall. The roar of the passing vehicles and the babel of talk and street shouts around seemed to come to him from a far-off distance, and the ground appeared to slide away from under his feet. Then came a darkness before his eyes, a sudden tightening of the brain, and at last unconsciousness. It was the first swoon of a man of iron nerves and constitution, and it was not to be forgotten.

* * * * * *

When Lord Clanavon opened his eyes and looked around him his first impressions were rather mixed ones. To begin with, he was lying upon a strange sofa in a strange room; and, more wonderful still, its only other occupant was a woman. He raised himself noiselessly upon his elbow and scrutinized his surroundings a little carefully. The room was of moderate size and was well and tastefully furnished, though not luxuriously. This much a hasty glance showed him; then his eyes fell upon his companion and remained there. He was an artist by temperament, keenly appreciative of beauty in any form, and he felt a subtle sense of pleasure in letting his gaze rest upon her perfect oval face, with its dark blue, almost violet, eyes, and brilliant complexion and her dainty petite figure. For a moment or two he lay there watching her; then she looked up from the flowers which she was busy arranging and blushed slightly as her eyes met his.

"You are better?" she inquired softly, crossing the room and standing at his side.

"Better!" he repeated wonderingly. "Have I been ill? Ah!"

A sudden wave of recollection came streaming in upon him, bringing with it a sickening sense of the horrible thing which had happened. Again he seemed to be in the noisy Strand, with that awful placard stretched out before him and the shrill cries of the eager newsboys ringing in his ears. This time, however, he withstood the shock and remained calm.

"Have you one of those papers?" he asked, rising slowly to his feet.

She put one into his outstretched hand unwillingly, and with a great compassion shining out of her luminous eyes.

"My father left one here for you," she said, softly. "He thought that it would be better for you to read all about it for yourself. I—I am so sorry."

He took it with trembling fingers, and, sinking down upon an ottoman, read it through. Then the paper fluttered down on to the floor and he covered his face with his hands for a few minutes. When he looked up again he was quite calm, but his voice was hard and his eyes dry and bright.

"Where am I?" he asked, looking around him.

"You are in my father's rooms in Craven Street," she answered. "You were taken ill and he brought you here."

"It was very good of him, very kind. Is he here?"

"He will be in a moment; you will wait and see him, won't you? I—I'm afraid you have had some very terrible news."

He pointed to the paragraph.

"Yes. He was my father."

"Your father! Oh, how dreadful! And you knew nothing about it?"

"Nothing. I came back this afternoon from abroad, and was on my way home."

The sight of his misery was awful. She turned away with a little sob and stood at the window with her handkerchief pressed to her eyes. She would have liked to console him, but how was she to attempt it? A stranger, too! So she did what seemed to her the next best thing—she remained silent, asking no more questions.

After a while the necessity for action of some sort flashed in upon him. He rose suddenly and took up his hat.

"I must go now," he said, keeping his voice steady with an effort. "If your father has gone out, will you tell me his name that I may call and thank him for his kindness—and you for yours?" he added.

The words were conventional enough; the tone was a little more grateful even than the occasion seemed to demand. Perhaps she thought so, for she blushed faintly when she answered him.

"Our name is De Feurget, and—ah, that is my father's step, I think. He has returned then."

Lord Clanavon turned toward the door and saw a slight, dark figure standing upon the doorstep. Something familiar in the pale oval face and restless eyes arrested the words which he had been on the point of uttering. But it was not until Mr. de Feurget had advanced into the centre of the room that Lord Clanavon recognized his recent traveling companion. Then he held out his hand with a somewhat forced smile.

"I scarcely thought that we should meet again so soon," he said. "It was very good of you to bring me here; I don't know what would have become of me if you hadn't. I suppose I must have fainted," he added, as though rather ashamed of the fact.

"Such a shock is enough to make any man faint," the other added, gravely. "I trust that you are better now."

"Yes, I am better," Lord Clanavon answered, with a little shudder. "I was just going as you came in. Perhaps you will allow me to call again at some future time. Just now I don't feel up to much conversation, and I feel that I haven't thanked you and your daughter half enough for your kindness."

He had moved toward the open door, and from there bowed his farewell to the young lady. Certainly she was very beautiful, he thought, as he looked into her dark brilliant face and saw the soft sympathetic light flashing in her deep blue eyes. And then he felt ashamed of himself for thinking of such a thing at such an awful time, and turned away a little abruptly.

M. de Feurget followed him downstairs and opened the door for him.

"Let me fetch you a hansom," he suggested. "You look scarcely fit to walk."

Lord Clanavon shook his head.

"I think that the walk will do me good," he said. "I couldn't breathe in a cab. Good-afternoon."

Then he turned away and walked slowly down the street with bowed head and eyes fixed upon the pavement. The man from whom he had parted remained upon the doorstep watching him with a sourious look upon his face. His thin, colorless lips were parted in a slight smile, which was more suggestive of a sneer than of mirth, and his dark eyes had lost for a moment their shifty, restless expression and were full of deep thought. He stood here for fully five minutes after Lord Clanavon had disappeared, motionless and absorbed. Then some trifling noise in the street seemed to change the current of his thoughts, and he abruptly re-entered the house and closed the door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

More good advice would be taken if it were given in a good way.

Bric-a-Brac.

A BEAK.—A "beag" was originally the golden chain worn round the neck of a civic magistrate, and this naturally attracted the attention of the public, who called the man first a "beag" and then a "beak." Gradually the word grew vulger and got enrolled among the slang terms of the million.

BEES.—A large number of flowers are bored, as it is believed by humble bees. They collect the nectar in this way, instead of entering by the mouth of the flower. Dr. J. Schneck, of Mount Carmel, Ill., one of our most observing botanists, believes these are not humble bees but belong to the Borers, or Carpenter Bees. He has certainly seen these creatures slitting the tubes of clover, and humble bees entering the mouth in the legitimate way.

IN A TREE.—A maple tree 100 years old, which stands on the left bank of the River Oder, in Germany, has been curiously converted into a circular two-storied house. A flight of steps leads up to the first story, where the branches have been woven together and form a firm leafy floor. Above this floor is another, formed in the same way; and the ends of the branches have been woven into solid walls and cut so as to admit the light through eight windows.

IN INDIA.—The grossest superstition exists even in Calcutta. Recently an Indian gentleman, residing in Jaun Bazar street, had a live goat flung down from his two-storied house, in accordance with the directions of a so called magician, who was called in to cast out a devil with which a son was supposed to be possessed. The poor brute was first fed with a few bamboo leaves over which the wizard mumbled some mantras, and it was then pushed over the terrace. The animal was killed, and its flesh was distributed to the poor.

FRUIT AND NUTS.—Both fruit and nuts are the natural food of man. Flesh and the grains or cereals were an afterthought when man began to lose the sweet simplicity of nature and civilize himself. Cereals contain a vast amount of starch, argue the fruitarians. Starch in excess is not good for man. The starch particles do not digest, do not assimilate. They clog up the system, and when they do this the man thinks he is getting fat. In proportion as he gets fat he begins to be subject to heaviness, stiffness, pain and ailment.

"MY UNCLE'S."—The term "my uncle's," as applied to a pawnbroker's shop, is said to be a pun on the Latin uncus, a hook. Pawnbrokers employed a hook to lift articles pawned before spouts were adopted. "Gone to the uncus," therefore, is exactly tantamount to the more modern phrase, "up the spout." In French the concierge of a prison is called uncle because the prisoners are "kept there in pawn" by government. In the seventeenth century a usurer was called "my uncle" in the Walloon provinces because of his near connection with spendthrifts, called in Latin nepotes, nephews.

AUTHORS.—The methods and tastes of professional authors in this matter are quite as varied as is the character of their several contributions to literature. For example: The novelists, Charles Reade and Victor Hugo, preferred immense sheets of paper and the coarsest of pens; while, on the other hand, both William Black and R. D. Blackmore cover dainty sheets of note paper with their almost microscopic chirography. Charlotte Bronte wrote in the minutest of characters in a diminutive notebook, and Douglas Jerrold jotted down his witty inspirations on narrow, ribbon-like strips of blue paper.

POSTAGE-STAMPS.—Every part of postage stamp making is done by hand. The designs are engraved on steel—200 stamps on a single plate. Those plates are inked by two men, and then are printed by a girl and a man on a large hand press. They are dried as fast as printed, and gummed with a starch paste made from potatoes. The paste is dried by placing the sheet in a steam heating machine, and then the stamps are subjected to a pressure of 2000 tons in a hydraulic press. Next the sheets are cut so that each one contains 100 stamps, after which the paper between the stamps is perforated, and, after being pressed, the sheets are taken away. If a single stamp is injured the whole sheet is burned.

THE GOLDEN KISSES.—Edward IV., to raise money for a war with France, sat himself sundry hours every day to receive contributions from his subjects, who subscribed pretty liberally in consequence of their animosity to the enemy. Among others, a rich yet niggardly old widow brought $100 (a large sum in those days) to him. This so highly pleased the king, "that he not only returned her thanks," but told her. "For her kindness that she should kiss a king," which being done, the woman pulled out another bag saying: "Udsbodikins, if kings sell their kisses so cheap, give me 'tother touch of the lips, and here is another $100 for you!" The king smiled at this, took her at her word, and thought his kisses well sold.

A COLORED philosopher "down South" is reported to have said, "Life, my breddren, am mos'ly made up of prayin' for rain and then wishin' it would cl'ar off."

THE CHILD'S TOY.

[Many who have read with pleasure "Little Boy Blue," by Eugene Field, the Chicago poet, will appreciate the following poem published in a London weekly paper nearly thirty years ago.]

A trifle of wood, and a trifle of glue,
And besmear'd with red and green;
It is but a toy, and a poor one, too,
Not much like a horse, I ween.

Yet the good-wife's face wears a look of pain,
And her heart within grows sore,
And the past comes back in a shadowy train
As she turns it o'er and o'er.

Once more that form before her stands,
With its curls of glossy brown,
Once more two tiny dimpled hands
Are tugging at her gown.

Again she lists to the accents sweet
Of the voice she shall ne'er hear more,
As the merry sound of childish feet
Come pattering o'er the floor.

The by-gone Spring renews its bloom,
And its violet-scented air
Waft its old fragrance through the room,
As the young lips move in prayer.

Ah, oft in the hush of the stilly night,
When the world to its rest has gone,
Are such dreary relics brought to light
And mournfully gazed upon.

And the Moon from her home in the starlit sky,
As she peeps from her casement gray,
Sees many a tearful loving eye
As these toys are put away.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORY DAW," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

ROBERT WINTER stretched out his hand.

"Say no more; I am content; I understand. The rest shall be your own secret. I do not wish to touch on your most sacred and tender feelings; I only wished to assure myself that you were worthy to be Jane's husband—to feel convinced of your sentiments. I am more than convinced; I will go no further in this. Now regarding your present difficulty—most assuredly I think it will be better for you to write a few words acquainting Lady Ludlowe with the fact that on Wednesday morning your marriage with Jane will be solemnized. I advise this, Lord Hampshire, not only for your own personal satisfaction, but because, as Sir Richard's wife, it is undoubtedly due to her that she should be informed of so great an event in the life of her step-daughter. By doing this," the young clergyman continued, "you will start clear; you will have no reproach on your conscience, and you will have acted in every way as a man of honor should. It was not necessary to ask Lady Ludlowe's consent to the marriage, since she has during her husband's lifetime no authority to give or withhold her sanction; but you will have shown her the respect that is her due, and that is all that is necessary."

Lord Hampshire wrung the young man's hand most warmly.

"You have confirmed my own feelings," he said. "There was only this one thing to shadow or trouble me. This done, my heart is free. Thank you again and again, Winter; you have done me a friend's service, and I am grateful to you!"

When they parted, the Earl went direct to the house. He sat down at the writing-table in the hall and took up a pen.

Lady Montrose, who happened to be passing along the gallery at the top of the stairs, paused as she saw him writing. She had seen from her window the two young men sauntering under the trees; she had noticed the earnestness of their conversation. She had remarked how much brighter the Earl had looked as he came towards the house, and she began to conjecture. Her ladyship was shrewd, and she knew as much about human nature as most of her fellow-creatures. She paused and looked down at him.

"He is writing to Cynthia," she said to herself suddenly. "Is the man a fool? What does he expect? She will get that on Monday morning, if not to-night, and she will be down here as fast as she can come. She will succeed in postponing the wedding; everything will be spoiled! Upon my word, I call it downright ungrateful of George!" She recovered her temper however, and her cunning brain was soon very busy.

Lord Hampshire, quite ignorant of her near presence, finished his letter very quickly.

"Dear Lady Ludlowe," he had written—"I am writing to announce to you the news that Miss Ludlowe has done me the honor to consent to become my wife. The marriage will be solemnized on Wednesday morning next, at ten o'clock, in the village church, the Rev. Robert Winter, Rector of Massington, officiating. With sincere wishes for your mother's speedy recovery, believe me

"Most faithfully yours,
"HAMPSHIRE."

He read it over, and thought it very curt, but decided not to alter it. He had no wish, in communicating with Cynthia, beyond a desire that all should be straightforward and clear. To speak of what was in his heart was of course impossible; but this letter would fulfil its mission, for Cynthia would see by it that he had no desire to steal a march on her.

It would explain to her his changed feelings, for, if he had arranged the marriage merely for the sake of revenge, it was not likely he would have acquainted her so early, and given her an opportunity of using her power to postpone, if not prevent, the fulfilment of his plan. On one point he was assured—Robert Winter had swept away his one fear in declaring most firmly and convincing that Lady Ludlowe had no power to upset the marriage. And Hampshire could not quite bring himself to believe Cynthia capable of such mean and spiteful conduct as that suggested by her aunt.

"I believe she will do nothing. She will not like it, but she will take it in silence," he said to himself. Then he folded the letter, sealed and addressed the envelope, and threw it, together with another he had written, into the box in the hall, from which eventually it would be gathered along with the rest of the household correspondence and be delivered by Meadows to the care of the village postman. This done, the Earl made haste to join the group under the trees on the lawn, to sit beside Jane and watch the color come and go in her lovely face and the love light glow in her marvelous eyes.

As Lord Hampshire went out of the house, Lady Montrose passed swiftly down the stairs and walked across the hall to the letter-box. It was not locked; and in an instant she was in possession of the square envelope addressed, in bold handwriting, to "Lady Ludlowe, Mayfair Gardens, London, S. W."

"A delay is not a theft," said Lady Montrose, chuckling to herself. "It will make all the difference in the world if Cynthia gets this letter on Wednesday morning instead of to-night or Monday next. It is all very well for Hampshire to do this sort of thing; but I can't afford to risk a postponement if he can!"

And indeed it would have been a very awkward position for Lady Montrose if any hitch in the proceedings had occurred now. She would most certainly have fallen between two stools.

Oh, no, she could not risk Cynthia's getting this letter until it was altogether too late for protest or postponement! And so it came to pass that the days went by and Wednesday dawned, a glorious August morning, hot, yet not sultry, with a dew glittering like diamonds on flower and grass, and a sunshine that seemed to carry a promise of joy in every golden beam.

Hampshire's heart beat high with a sense of peace and absolute happiness. It was his wedding-day; before many hours had gone, the vows would have been spoken that gave him as wife this sweet lovely child, doubly precious in her innocence and her unquestioning clinging love for him. Cynthia's silence gave him a sense of intense satisfaction. It was with a heart filled with gratitude and earnest determination to express that gratitude by all the best and noblest actions a man could perform that he wended his way to the little village church.

The simple service was soon over, and Jane was walking back through Carno woods leaning on her husband's arm. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes brilliant through the mist of tears that would come; and, when husband and wife reached the well-known clump of trees, with the low long chair beneath their shade, Jane slipped her hand from his arm, and running forward, knelt and hid her blushing face against her father's coverlet.

Kneeling there, she offered up a simple childish prayer for help, protection, and grace to guard and wear this crown of happiness that had come to her so strangely, so swiftly, and yet so sweetly. She had risen from her knees as Hampshire joined her; without speaking, with downcast eyes and rose-tinted cheeks, she took his outstretched hand and placed it upon her father's, then, stooping with her shy inimitable grace, she laid her lips upon those two clasped hands. The whole truth and history of her heart was revealed in this action. The new love was great, the new allegiance was strong, but the old love had lost none of its power; it had grown greater because of the happiness that had come so near to it.

In this moment sorrow slipped away from the girl; she experienced a sensation of intense comfort. The sight of that weak cold hand clasped in that of the young man seemed to take a load from her heart. There was such a promise of help in it. Here was a protector more powerful, more valuable than she could be; her love could do much, but she felt that this strong noble husband of hers must have the power even to revive and sustain the pulse of life in her poor invalid's helpless body. As Jane stood pressing her lips to those clasped hands, it seemed to her as though a new sun of hope, comfort, and joy had burst through the dark gray clouds that had clung about her so long, and that in all the wide, wide world there was not a girl who, after darkest grief, had found such radiant happiness as she now could call her own.

CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER Lady Montrose had embraced both the bride and bridegroom and offered them her warmest congratulations, making the moment bright and merry with her brisk words and genial laugh, she announced her immediate departure from Carno Court.

"I had a letter from my neice this morning," she said, in explanation to Hampshire, as she led the way to the breakfast-table—which Meadows had decked for such an auspicious occasion with all the magnificent Ludlowe silver and with the rarest blossoms from the conservatories—"and she wants me to go up to town, as she is arranging for Helen to leave for the sea to-morrow or next day; and I fancy she wants me to go with her mother."

"Does Lady Ludlowe make no mention of to-day? Does she say nothing about our marriage?" queried Hampshire hurriedly, as he found himself alone with Lady Montrose for a moment.

"Nothing whatever. But how should she, seeing that she is as yet ignorant of the whole affair.

Lady Montrose's face did not lose its serene expression for an instant. Hampshire frowned slightly; he was puzzled—not so much at Cynthia's silence, as at her apparent indifference to an event which, he had imagined, would have occasioned her at least some annoyance, if not surprise. He could not quite understand the attitude she had taken; it made the immediate future rather doubtful.

"Lady Ludlowe is no longer ignorant of the matter," he observed; "I wrote to her on Saturday last, and announced the date and hour of my marriage."

"You wrote to Cynthia?" exclaimed Lady Montrose, with well-feigned astonishment. "And you never told me?"

"I was compelled to write, Lady Montrose. The more I considered the situation the more palpable became the necessity to inform Sir Richard's wife of the whole truth; it was a duty no less to Jane than to myself and to Lady Ludlowe. I felt that in acting as we originally arranged I was not showing sufficient respect to Sir Richard's wife, and, moreover, was surrounding my marriage with that very element of secrecy which, as you know, was most repugnant to me. The fact that Lady Ludlowe has sent no reply to my letter, and has indeed made no comment whatever on the matter, puzzles me a little; but, at any rate, I cannot reproach myself with having neglected my duty towards her, or with having permitted my darling to become my wife in a secret or clandestine fashion. Lady Ludlowe has now been in possession of the information that our marriage was to take place to-day for quite sufficient time to allow of her remonstrance or protest, if she desired to make any. Since she has elected to remain silent, I can only conjecture that she is angry, but that she has no protest to offer; and, whatever her feeling may be on the matter, she cannot truthfully accuse me of having treated her with any disrespect or discourtesy. Look at Meadows!" exclaimed the Earl, with a laugh, changing the subject, very greatly to Lady Montrose's relief. "Did you ever see any one so radiantly happy? He looks as if he would like to embrace the entire world!"

Lady Montrose laughed in unison.

"You certainly have the satisfaction of knowing that the whole of the Carno establishment are unanimous in their approval of you and of the marriage. Meadows has been a changed man since he knew what was going to happen; and it was not easy, as he told me himself this morning, to satisfy him in the important question of Jane's husband. Your success is due entirely to yourself and not to your title. Meadows sees that you will do your best to make our little Jane happy, and that is all he cares about. Now what are you doing, George? You must not sit by me! good heavens, what an idea! You are a bridegroom, and you must sit beside your bride!"—and, with many a laugh at Jane's blushes and the young husband's shyness, Lady Montrose settled the small party round the table, and began to make the breakfast as merry and as much like a wedding festival as was possible in the circumstances.

Jane found herself laughing merrily at Lady Montrose' sallies; but the blushes would not die out of her cheeks, and her eyes were drawn as by some irresistible fascination to her small left hand, on the third slender finger of which the golden marriage ring gleamed so brightly. They did not sit long at the breakfast. Jane was anxious to return to her old place by her father's couch. She put her arm within Mrs. Winter's, just as in the old days, and together they went across the lawn, while Hampshire stood at the open window, following the girlish white-robed figure with tender loving eyes.

Lady Montrose was very soon busily preparing to start. She allowed both Robert Winter and the Earl to escort her to the station, and bade Jane good-bye most tenderly, holding the girl in her arms and kissing her many times.

"By very, very happy!" she said earnestly. "And listen, Jane! You have married a real good man—a man who loves you with all his heart; trust in him always, cling to him whatever comes, and you will be sure of as much happiness as any human being can reasonably expect to have!"

Too deeply moved by the emotions that filled every minute of this strange sweet day, Jane but dimly understood the words Lady Montrose uttered; but she was quick to feel the real sympathy and affection offered to her and to appreciate it sincerely. Lady Montrose shook hands warmly with Mrs. Winter.

"I hope you will be able to remain a little longer with our pretty bride," she said; and, as she spoke, she gave a significant glance at the gray face of the invalid.

She saw that Mrs. Winter understood her; but she spoke her mind more openly to the clergyman.

"I hope your mother will stay with Jane if possible; circumstances are changed now, you know, and, moreover, I fear that the shadow of a funeral will darken the brightness of the child's marriage all too quickly."

Then she chattered on in her own brisk fashion till the station was reached. She cleverly avoided being alone with the Earl, and gave a sigh of relief as the train glided out of the station and bore her swiftly towards London.

"If he had gone on discussing that business of his letter," she said to herself, "I am sure I should have betrayed myself! I expect he would be something more than furious if he knew that I took upon myself to keep Cynthia in ignorance until this morning. No doubt he would not be in the least grateful to me, though, after all, he has me to thank for having obtained his wife so quietly." Then Lady Montrose turned her thoughts to the subject of her niece. "What will she do, I wonder?" she said to herself. "I feel I am exceptionally brave in going to her to-day; but it is the best way; we must meet sooner or later, and, for my part, I would rather it were soon. That letter this morning will have bowled her over completely, for I am sure she has imagined all this time that time that Hampshire has been abroad, as the papers reported. Well, whatever she may say to me, she can't undo the marriage; and that is all we need care about."

Nevertheless, despite her cheery air, Lady Montrose felt by no means stout-hearted when the cab stopped before Sir Richard Ludlowe's town-house.

She asked immediately for her niece, and was shown into one of the smaller rooms, where Mrs. Denistoun was sitting looking very white and delicate. There was no sign of Cynthia; and her mother, after the first greetings were over, informed Lady Montrose that she was much troubled about Lady Ludlowe.

"I induced Cynthia to go and rest quietly for an hour or so. You do not mind if we don't disturb her, Susan? She has a most terrible headache, and looks so pale and

ill! I am afraid she has upset herself nursing me."

"Oh, a headache is not a dangerous thing!" cried Lady Montrose, as cheerfully as she could. "You must not encourage yourself to be so nervous, Helen."

Mrs. Denistoun sighed.

"I suppose I am nervous," she agreed, "but I cannot help it where my darling is concerned. Susan, I want you to persuade her not to go away with me. I am sure a little rest will do her good. She intended going to Carno and asking you to accompany me to the seaside; but this morning she has changed her plans altogether. I don't know why; but I fancy she has had some news that has upset her a little."

"I never knew such a person for fancies as you are, Helen!" Lady Montrose cried; and at that moment the door of the room opened and Cynthia came in.

One glance was enough to assure her aunt that the blow had been almost terrible in its unexpectedness and its severity. Lady Ludlowe was deathly white; even her lips had lost their color, and her eyes had a drawn look. There was however no weakness in the rigid beautiful face; and Lady Montrose winced at the contempt which Cynthia's pale lips conveyed for her, even though they were silent.

"She means to brave it out as proudly as possible," the elder woman concluded swiftly.

Cynthia greeted her aunt most coldly. She did not hold out her hand, nor did she respond to Lady Montrose's murmured regrets at her indisposition or to her mother's plaintive anxiety about her.

"I have changed my plans," she said abruptly; "I am going to take mamma away myself. I need not trouble you, aunt Susan."

She sat down at her writing-table as she spoke, and Mrs. Denistoun offered a gentle protest.

"But, my darling, you need change; and you know you said the other day you felt you really ought to go to Carno."

Cynthia laughed a short cold laugh.

"Oh, I have changed that plan also! I do not think there is any necessity for me to go to Carno just for the moment. Aunt Susan, I suppose you have told mamma your wonderful news? No? That is not like you to be so reticent. What do you think, mamma? Jane is married—was married this morning to the Earl of Hampshire. Was she not, aunt Susan? You show considerable self-denial in having renounced the wedding festivities to come and see us. We ought to be very much flattered!"

Lady Montrose smiled. She was not too sensitive, and Cynthia's sneers did not trouble her as they would have done another person. She was, in fact, considerably relieved at this calm reception, though she was by no means deceived by it. Cynthia might carry herself as coldly and as proudly as she liked, but she would never lose the sting of this most bitter disappointment. She would never forget and she would never forgive—that was a fact upon which Lady Montrose would stake her existence. Mrs. Denistoun was amazed.

"But what an extraordinary thing!" she said, hardly able to realize the truth of what she heard. "I did not even know that George had met Jane. She is such a child! And is it not very sudden? Did you know all about it, Susan? You never said anything in your letters. Surely, Cynthia, my darling, you ought to have been acquainted with the state of affairs!"

Lady Ludlowe laughed again—a cold hard laugh.

"Do not trouble about it, mamma. It is a fait accompli now; and all we can do is to hope that this most hasty marriage will not be repented in the leisure that follows."

Lady Montrose rose to go.

"I don't fancy there is any fear of that, Cynthia," she observed, paying back the sneers leveled at her. "Their love is too real, too well-founded. I never saw a man more deeply and truly in love than Hampshire is with his little wife. I predict a very happy future for them!"

Cynthia trembled slightly, but she wreathed her lips into a smile as she rose too.

"Let us trust your prophecy will be fulfilled, aunt Susan," she said. "You were always a staunch adherent of Jane's, so of course her marriage is a matter of great interest to you. I did not know however that you were so well acquainted with Lord Hampshire's nature and characteristics. I confess he does not impress me as being exactly a romantic man. I should have attributed any other motive to him rather than one of sentiment for this most hurried marriage; but of course"—with a bitter laugh—"he must have some good reason for such an apparently rash act, so let us give him the benefit of the doubt and call it 'love' if you like." Then Cynthia looked straight into her aunt's eyes. "You look tired," she said, with significant coolness; "you are evidently fatigued with so much excitement; pray do not let us keep you from your proper rest. We shall not allow ourselves to hope for the pleasure of seeing you again for some time."

Lady Montrose chuckled softly as Cynthia sat down at the writing-table. She took an affectionate farewell of her sister, who looked wistful, bewildered, and sad, not understanding all that was passing, yet feeling that something most unpleasant had happened.

"Good-bye, Helen!" said Lady Montrose, with all her accustomed cheeriness. "Take care of yourself, and come back well and strong from the sea! Oh, I forgot to tell you—Jane sent you her love! She is very fond of you, Helen."

"She—she is a nice child," replied Mrs. Denistoun; but her eyes went timidly to her daughter's form as she spoke.

"She was the prettiest little bride in the world!" cried Lady Montrose. "Our so-called beauties will have to look to themselves when Hampshire brings his wife to town. You must not fail to wish her happiness, Helen; though, for the matter of that, there is no need to wish for what already exists. Well, I must go. Good-bye once again! Good-bye, Cynthia! So glad you are going to the sea! You are not looking at all the thing—no, not at all!"

Lady Montrose closed the door with a soft laugh which reached her niece's ears, filling Cynthia's heart with a wild desire to strike her cheery-voiced, all-knowing, and time-serving aunt some blow that would silence her for ever. The hot impulse died almost as soon as it was born. Much as she despised Lady Montrose, much as she hated her at this moment, her deepest anger was for her herself in having trusted so treacherous a friend, and for the girl who, despite all her plans and in the very moment that she had seemed most secure, had stepped before her and stood now her victor and her superior. In this hour the last remnant of goodness and gentleness in Cynthia Ludlowe's heart died out for ever. The beauty of the world was blotted out for her. Her very youth seemed suddenly to have withered and gone from her.

The punishment which Lord Hampshire had once desired and devised her for had come in all its fulness. Whatever satisfaction her hate might provide for her in the future, the moment would never pass from her mind, never be forgotten. She had fallen into a very night of sullen despair, she suffered an agony of humiliation, of failure in its most bitter form. She became, in truth, absolutely from this day a hard woman, a woman who was dead henceforth to sympathy or gentleness, and who would not hesitate to grasp the satisfaction hatred and revenge could give at the cost of a human heart or even a human life.

* * * * * *

The beautiful August day drew to a close; the sun gradually worked its way across the lawn, and shadows came in place of its warm yellow radiance. The heat was gone; a soft breeze moved the tops of the trees and brought a burden of delicious fragrance from the beds of mignonnette and the rose bushes. It had been a long, a strange day.

Jane could never remember such a day before in all her life; there was such mysterious beauty in it, so much that was not clear or comprehensible to her. She sat under the trees with her little hand resting on her father's, just as she had sat every day of this glorious summer that for almost three months past had gladdened the earth. She wore one of her favorite white linen frocks; there was nothing new for her eyes to rest on, nothing new to her touch, and yet all was new. After Lady Montrose had taken her departure, Jane had sat under the trees exchanging thoughts with her dear Summer. The hours had stolen away most pleasantly.

Tea-time brought the two young men from the house, and Jane rose with shy grace to serve out the tea. She had not exchanged one word alone with her husband. She was not afraid of him—indeed she had never felt such a sense of comfort, peace, and protection as when he was close beside her—but yet she clung unconsciously to the presence of her old friend and governess, and her usual ease of manner deserted her altogether when her tall handsome husband bent towards her and in deep musical tones spoke low and tenderly in her ear. By degrees she would grow accustomed to this and to the strange realization that he belonged to her; but just now it was too bewildering, too startling.

The young man divined by his love and sympathy all that passed in her mind; he tried to restore her to her usual confidence, to let her grasp by slow degrees the full truth of the change that had come into her life. He won his way in Mrs. Winter's heart of hearts by the delicacy and gentleness of his every word and action.

"He is indeed worthy of her, and she will be happy, please God, very happy, by-and-by!" Mrs. Winter thought to herself as she sat watching Jane provide tea for Peter and Lord John, just as in the old days, while the girl's husband assisted her in this onerous duty with a gravity due to the occasion.

After tea was discussed, Hampshire persuaded Jane into taking a little stroll.

"I want you to get well and strong," he said, looking down into the depths of her beautiful eyes. "You know, I am going to take care of you very strictly, Jane. I shall be a most severe master, and shall expect unquestioning obedience."

They both laughed at this, and the blushes came and went in her cheeks.

"Come along, dogs!" she cried, picking up her straw hat. "Summer dear, you will call me if he wakes; I shall not be far off."

They wandered under the trees for nearly an hour, talking of a multitude of things; and once very shyly half timidly, she put her hand upon his coat-sleeve. An almost uncontrollable desire rushed through him to take her in his arms and to hold her close to his heart, which beat with such a wealth of love for her. He had to pause and overcome this wish; then he rested his hand for an instant upon hers, and stroked the smooth white skin. He would do nothing, he would speak no word to awaken her soul, to draw her mind away from her allegiance while her father was with her—that poor dying father who was passing so quickly from their sight. While her father was with her, he would put himself on one side; he would be nothing but her friend. She had with her own lips confessed how much he was to her, but he knew that, though this was so, yet she was still ignorant of the real meaning of this love she gave him so freely. Afterwards, beyond that separation which must come now so soon, she would belong to him altogether; then the keenness of her sorrow would of itself lead her more surely to him.

He desired nothing better than that her love should come in this gentle natural way. He had no thought of self where she was concerned. It was happiness enough to know that she was now his wife, and to realize that her future was his care, his life's delight.

The remaining hours of this strange, this peaceful marriage-day went by in the same gentle fashion. As the sun sank behind the trees and the dew began to fall, the invalid was wheeled indoors. Mrs. Winter was conscious of a contraction at her heart as she looked upon Sir Richard's worn passive face. Lady Montrose's significant glance had aroused a suspicion that now was almost a fear.

"I will share your nursing to-night, dearest," she said almost involuntarily to Jane as the girl followed her into the house.

"As you like, Summer dear; but you know you must not tire yourself. I am so accustomed to be awake at night now, and I feel sometimes as if daddy, were glad to open his eyes and see me quite near"—with a break in her voice. "Oh, Summer, do you think he will ever speak to me again? I yearn to hear his voice! If—if he would only say one word to me? I wonder if he really knows what this day is? Summer, I should be almost happy if he would look at me just once as he used to do in the old days, if I could hear him call me by my name!"

The girl did not speak for some time; there were tears in her eyes, and the old pain was gnawing at her heart. After a while she conquered her emotion, and late into the night they sat by the open window in the sick man's room, talking of many remembrances of those ten years they had spent together so happily.

Jane had said "Good night" to her husband at the foot of the stairs; and he parted from her with a tender injunction to sleep as much as possible, carrying her little hand to his lips as he spoke. From the window Jane could see him walking to and fro under the trees—could see a little gleam of light now and then from the cigar he was smoking. He was alone, for Robert Winter had been obliged to go back to Massingtown before dinner.

The girl sat watching her husband for a long time in silence; but after a while she put her hand out to her companion.

"You—you have forgiven him now, Summer—you like him really?"

Mrs. Winter drew the beautiful young face towards her and kissed the eager shy lips.

"I more than like him—I love him! I find him worthy to be my little Jane's husband. After that, no more need be said."

Jane laughed faintly.

"I—I did not know I was so precious," she said softly.

The hours passed, and Mrs. Winter allowed herself at last to be persuaded to go to her own room and take her proper rest. Jane went with her, looking like a saint in her long straight white dressing-gown, with her hair loose upon her shoulders.

"You will go to sleep too—promise me, Jane! You have had a long exciting day—you must have several hours of sleep."

"I will lie down when I am tired; but I am not sleepy yet," the girl replied.

She kissed her friend and shut her door softly, then went back to her father's room; but she had no desire to get into her bed, which stood within the dressing-room. The attendant who came to relieve her night-watch would not appear for another hour. Jane went to the window and sat down in her favorite chair. She scarcely knew what her thoughts were. Her eyes went to the spot under the trees where, a little while before, she had seen her husband pacing to and fro. She felt very proud as she thought of him; and then her eyes wandered from the moonlit garden to her own small left hand, where that gold ring gleamed so brightly. She liked to look at the ring. It was no longer strange to her; it seemed to speak of many sweet and pleasant things, to bring once again the sense of rest and comfort, and the music of a voice whispering softly in her ears. Half asleep, half awake, she lapsed into a dreamy state. She took no heed of time, though every now and then her head turned towards her beloved invalid. He was asleep—he had slept more than usual this night. Jane was glad of it, it was to her a good sign. She was always glad when he was asleep; though he never became conscious or coherent when he was awake, she felt there must be rest for him when sleep came.

The beauty of the still calm night stole over her as she sat there with her eyes full of thought. Presently there was a sound of a bird in one of the trees on the lawn. Jane leaned forward towards the window to catch its notes as they rang out sweetly on the night-wind; and then suddenly, with her heart beating wildly and her face aflame, she started to her feet. A voice had broken the silence, a voice from the bed—a voice almost from the other world.

"Jane, my little Jane, where are you?"

The girl turned; she grew ashen white in that moment of intense excitement; her hands were pressed against her heart; she paused incredulous, overwhelmed with the suddenness, the unexpectedness of what had come; but a moment later she had darted across the room and was crouching by the bed.

"Oh, daddy—oh, my daddy—oh, my dear, my dear, dear daddy!" Her words were incoherent, her agitation was intense.

The head on the pillow was in its old place, but the eyes were open, and, as Jane bent over them, she saw that they were clear as they once had been, that intellect and comprehension shone again in them.

"Daddy, daddy, speak to me—tell me you know me! It is I, Jane—your little Jane, who loves you so much! Oh, my daddy, speak to me! Oh, God, I am grateful, I am grateful, I——"

The poor feeble lips moved faintly.

"My little Jane, God bless you!"

She hung breathless over him. The lips seemed to move again, but no further sound escaped them. The girl gave a sudden sharp cry; an expression had come upon his face which she had never seen there before all through his long terrible illness. She ran to the door, and called in an agitated whisper for some one to come. Her cry was answered instantly; she felt her hands grasped most tenderly, and heard a voice whisper words of courage and comfort and of love.

"He spoke to me—he—he blessed me—he called me by my name! Oh, he will not go from me now—not now, when I want him so much!"

Hampshire put his arm about her trembling form.

"Courage, my darling—be brave! Turn to me, Jane! I am here to help you, my wife, my heart's true dear love!"

She clung to him, speechless, quivering from head to foot, as he bent and looked into the set white face lying on the pillow.

"Oh, my love, my poor little love!" he said, in deepest grief.

She understood him. She uttered a low cry and struggled in his hold—she wished to gaze again upon the motionless form of her beloved father—then she became suddenly feeble and very quiet; and, looking down upon her with tears in his eyes, her husband saw that her sense of grief, of the itself, had gone from her for the moment, and that she had fainted.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHICH ROAD?

If you could go back to the forks of the road—
Back the long miles you have carried the load;
Back to the place where you had to decide
By this way or that through your life to abide;
Back of the sorrow and back of the care;
Back to the place where the future was fair—
If you were there now, a decision to make,
Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would you take?

Then, after you'd trodden the other long track,
Suppose then again to the forks you went back,
After you found that its promises fair
Were but a delusion that led to a snare—
That the road you first traveled with sighs and unrest,
Though dreary and rough, was most graciously blest
With balm for each bruise and a charm for each ache,
Oh, pilgrim of sorrow, which road would take take?

HIS SECRET.

BY C. M. S.

CHAPTER I.

HAD he a secret in his life, one that preyed upon him, causing that worn look, the quiet, calm face drawing deep lines on the broad, thoughtful brow? Many people who liked and esteemed John Hilton, asked themselves that question. There was something in his self-contained manner, his utter indifference to all which the world most values, that gave the impression. He worked hard; no lawyer in London toiled more; yet he seemed and was indifferent to the money he made.

At times there came into his dark eyes a shadow, a vague look, as though his thoughts were far away from the dingy office, where the greater part of his life was spent. Practical, shrewd, sensible, devoted to business, keen-sighted in the interests of his clients, what could there be in the life of John Hilton that made him different from other men?

It is the close of a dark day in February, the little sunshine that brightened the crowded London streets has long disappeared—a murky yellow fog prevails—John Hilton still lingers in his office, writing busily by the light of the gas.

It is a face of quiet power that bends over the parchments, not handsome; the features are not regular, but it is the face of a man one may trust unto death. Life, honor, fame—all are safe in his hand, there is truth in the clear eyes and in the play of the lips.

He has no great charm of expression; yet as one gazes upon him, the idea that there is a story hidden under the quiet exterior is almost irresistible. It is the kind of face that, when seen in a picture, causes one to wonder what the life of such a man was like, what were its hidden sorrows and hidden joys.

Rapidly enough the pen travels over dreary sheets of parchment, and the quiet figure at the desk never seems to stir. Suddenly, through the thick yellow fog, is heard the booming of the church clock. It strikes seven, and then John Hilton throws down his pen and rests.

"That will do," he says to himself. "Now I can take a holiday to-morrow with a clear conscience, for to-morrow's work is done. I wonder," he continued with a bitter smile, "if many holidays are as pleasant as mine promises to be."

Half impatiently he pushed aside the parchments, and turning to a table covered with ominous-looking deeds and red tapes, he unlocked a little drawer in it. A heavy sigh escaped John Hilton's lips as he did so. He turned over dusty papers and old memorandums, until he saw the object of his search.

It was a little picture, the portrait of a young and lovely girl; two or three notes were carefully preserved with it, and opening one long slip of silver paper, John Hilton gazed upon a curl of soft golden hair. He laid his treasures down upon the table, and then turned to lock the door of his office lest any one entering unawares should detect him with his secret laid bare. He drew a chair to the table and sat down to contemplate the pictured face that smiled upon him.

"It is for the last time," he said, as though making excuses for himself; "for the last time. I shall never look upon the pictured face again, and the real one will smile no more on me."

The man's whole face altered as he gazed upon the portrait, a soft, half tender light came into it, the expression was one of utter and entire devotion; few would have recognized the stern lawyer, John Hilton, in the man who sat absorbed in his dream.

It was a face of singular beauty upon which he gazed so tenderly. Its chief charm was the brightness and radiance that seemed to emanate from every feature. It was a sunny, smiling beauty; the dark blue eyes laughed as they met your own; the rich red lips were parted with the sweetest of smiles. The arch radiant face was like a sunbeam in the lawyer's gloomy office, it drew all the light and brightness to itself.

Long enough did John Hilton gaze upon that portrait, until something dimmed his eyes, and blotted it from his sight. Then he took the curl of golden hair, and twisted it upon his finger. One might have fancied that it smiled also, it looked so bright and shining as he stroked the soft silken threads. Once for half a moment, he pressed his lips upon it, murmuring as he did so the same excuse, "It is for the last time."

Then he took the picture and lock of hair and laid them in a sheet of paper. He wrapped them carefully in many folds, and secured them with wax and string. In his clear, bold hand, he wrote, "To be buried with me when I die." Then he took the little packet and locked it away in the drawer.

"The dream of life, the hope and love, the strength and stay, the wish and desire of a strong man's heart lie there, with the face that will never more be seen," he said to himself; as he locked it away in the drawer.

It was the face of his beautiful ward, Hilda Fearing, that John Hilton hid away from his sight—his ward, Hilda Fearing, whom he had loved all his life, and who was to marry Paul Graham on the morrow.

It was to attend her marriage that he had compressed the work of two days in one, meaning to cheer and gladden her with his presence, to give her kind words—for he stood to her in the place of all other friends—and then to return to the life which would lose all its charms when she, for whom he lived, had married another.

Few men were more solitary than John Hilton; few had met with more misfortunes or reverses. When he lay a smiling infant in his cradle, tended by the most loving of mothers, no lot seemed brighter than his. His parents would have laughed incredulously had any one prophesied then that their son would have to work hard for his living, spending the best part of his life in a gloomy office, where the sun rarely penetrated.

It did not seem probable; for John Hilton's father, Stephen Hilton, had made money, and intended leaving it all to his son. He died when the same beloved son was only four years old. He left him ten thousand pounds, and made, as he thought, every provision for the security of his child. To his wife he bequeathed an annuity of two hundred pounds, with some interest in her son's fortune. He left his wife, and his dearest friend, Humphrey Seaton, as sole guardians of his boy. All power over his money and himself was in their hands until the child became of age.

When Stephen Hilton knew the time had come for him to die, not one anxious thought as to his child's future ever crossed his mind. His wife's income was derived from money which had formed her marriage portion, and which, thanks to good investments and large interest, had wonderfully increased. It formed no part of the fortune he had worked so hard to win for his son's sake.

It was in the large and populous city of Dantrey, in the north of England, that Stephen Hilton resided; and there, for some years after his death, the widow and her only son continued to dwell.

No friend ever trusted another more entirely than Stephen Hilton trusted Humphrey Seaton. In his hands he left the safe investment of his boy's fortune; and for some years his trust was most faithfully fulfilled. Mrs. Hilton found the truest and most devoted friend in her co-executor.

All might have continued well unto the end, but that, when John had attained his seventeenth year and had made a name for himself, still remembered with respect and esteem at Oxford, his mother died. Then his guardian, Humphrey Seaton, asked him to make his home at his house, and he gladly consented.

Once or twice it struck John Hilton, even then, that his guardian must be a rich man. There was no mistress for the large and extravagant household; all seemed waste and confusion. Mrs. Seaton died when her little daughter, Hilda, was born; and she had no successors in the heart and home of Humphrey Seaton.

John Hilton never forgot the day of his introduction to his guardian's home. There was the warmest welcome, the most profuse hospitality; but what struck him above all was a beautiful golden-haired child who crept silently to his side, and laid her little hands in his.

"Are you going to be my brother?" she said. "I am so glad, for I am a very lonely child. Papa never has time to speak to me, and the servants are always too busy."

John was just seventeen then, and little Hilda was but seven. Yet at those few simple words there arose in his heart a yearning to take the child in his arms, and make up to her for all the love she wanted and missed so keenly.

"I will be your brother, Hilda," he said, gently; "if you will love me very much."

She raised her pretty face to his and held up her little red lips for a kiss to seal the compact.

From that moment, child as she was, John Hilton loved her with a devotion wonderful to witness. He loved her so until the day of his death; no other face ever charmed him, no other woman's voice ever made music for him. The golden-haired child grew into a beautiful, brilliant girl, and then became a gifted and lovely woman. John Hilton's love grew with her, it never changed or wavered from that day when she held up her sweet childish face for him to kiss.

Several times during that month's sojourn under his guardian's roof did John Hilton wonder at his manner of living. Once even he ventured half jestingly to congratulate him upon his evident prosperity. He did not notice how the merchant's face grew pale and his lips quivered, while he muttered something about "speculations" and "successful investments."

The source of his wealth was, however, too soon explained. When John attained his eighteenth year he thought it was time that he should know something of his own affairs, how his money was invested, and several other particulars, which as yet his guardian had not favored him with. Mr. Seaton listened to the request of his young ward with a smile.

"It was right and natural," he said, "that John should wish to know something of his own affairs. In three weeks from that time he would have all the accounts made out, so that he could understand them at a glance."

Perfectly satisfied with this, John Hilton, in utter unconsciousness of the coming storm, waited for the time appointed. The evening before he was to meet his guardian and the solicitor, he went with little Hilda for a ramble in the woods. He could not, even to himself, explain the singular charm the child had for him, or the strange love he felt for her.

"Shall you always love me, John?" she asked him this evening. "Will anything ever make you grow tired of me?"

He took this fragile little figure in his arms, bending over the sweet childish face gazing so anxiously into his own.

There and then John Hilton promised that while he lived he would love Hilda, and that nothing should ever make him care less for her—a promise that in after years he nobly kept.

CHAPTER II.

IT was at the close of a bright spring evening that John Hilton, after his ramble was over, reached his guardian's house. Hilda had both hands filled with wild flowers. In answer to his inquiries he was told that Mr. Seaton had left orders for dinner to be served at any hour Mr. Hilton liked, as he was unavoidably absent on pressing business. John and Hilda dined together, and the young man spent the evening in preparing the route he intended taking for the continent, where he wished to pass the next two or three years.

The next morning when he descended to his breakfast his guardian was still absent, but by his plate there lay a letter, in what he knew to be Mr. Seaton's handwriting. Hastily opening it, he read the following words:

"I have wronged you so cruelly, John Hilton, that I dare not ask your forbearance. Your father trusted me, and I have basely betrayed his trust. You have called me your guardian—I have been your worst enemy. There is no excuse for what I have done; let me tell it to you in a few brief words.

"So long as ten years ago I began to appropriate your money for my own use, always (believe me) intending to replace it. Many speculations were unsuccessful; year after year found me more deeply involved. I have hoped against hope. I have striven, as surely man never strove before, to retrieve my affairs—all in vain. Worse than ruin, disgrace awaits me. Your money is all gone, John, the trust money of my dear friend. My own has gone with it. I, whom men have considered wealthy, am poorer than the poorest beggar; with a few pounds I could muster I am going to America. Pursue me, and bring me to justice, as you will; I deserve it.

"The most bitter grief rends my heart when I think of my child—my loving Hilda; I dare not think of what is to become of her. I can only hope that she may find refuge in some of the charitable institutions in the town. Grant me one prayer, John Hilton. I have wronged you, robbed and betrayed you. Do not let my child know of my sin; tell her I am dead. Let her name be changed, that she may never know the disgrace attached to mine. Let her be taught that I died when she was a child. Do with me as you will, but grant me that prayer for your dead father's sake."

For two long hours John Hilton sat with that letter in his hand. The blow seemed to have paralyzed him. The ruin of all his hopes, the destruction of long-cherished plans, the overthrow of every dream of his life, came vividly before him. He who had considered himself as heir to a good fortune was now impovished, and uncertain as to his future. True, there remained to him two hundred per annum, his mother's fortune; what else he wanted he must work for.

Farewell to all his dreams of "elegant literary leisure"—to the pretty country home he had promised himself—to the long contemplated continental tour. His longings to gaze upon the world's great treasures of art and beauty could never be gratified; he must begin to work at once. He was but young; it was no great wonder that his face drooped sadly, and something like tears dimmed his eyes.

Suddenly a soft little hand clasped his own, and a clear little voice said, "Are you in trouble, brother John? You look just like papa when long letters come to tease him. Let me comfort you."

When the tender little arms were clasped round his neck, John Hilton felt that he was not quite alone in the world. He looked at the sweet childish face resting on his shoulder, and the fierce hot anger that had begun to burn in his heart against Humphrey Seaton half died away. What were his wrongs or his sorrows compared to those of the helpless child whom her father's sin and folly had thrown on a cold, hard world? He was young, strong, and full of energy; she, a delicate, fragile girl. The sweet little face bore no sign of robust health; she looked frail and fragile, as though one bitter breath of sorrow would utterly destroy.

Clasping her there and then in his strong arms—even as he afterwards shielded her from every care—John Hilton, whom her father had wronged and ruined, made to himself a solemn vow that he would take the father's place to the child, that he would share with her what he had, keep from her all knowledge of her father's crime, care for her and love her as though she were his own sister.

He made silently that vow to himself, and during life he kept it more nobly than words can tell.

His first thought was to remove Hilda before her father's flight became known. There were no relations to consult, no friends to advise. He made some kind of explanation to the servants, and ordering all her little wardrobe to be packed, took her at once to a school near London, the mistress of which had been one of his mother's best friends.

One the road there he told the child her father was dead. Her quiet grief, the look of patient resignation, the almost hopeless sorrow of her childish face touched him more than any words could have done. He told her he was her guardian, and should have the care of her, that he would love her and make her happy; but in the wistful look of her eyes he read how dear the thoughtless, reckless criminal father had been to his little daughter.

He gave her name as Hilda Fearing, true, even in its least detail, to the wishes of the man who had wronged him so deeply.

If the child ever wondered at the change in her name, she made no remark about it. She was almost too young not to believe that circumstances had naturally brought about a different name. She was no longer Miss Seaton of Dantrey, but Miss Fearing of Highgate. She had no

longer a father, but a guardian; the complete revolution in her fate seemed in a great measure to obliterate the past from her memory.

When John Hilton returned to Dantrey he found the whole place in an uproar; the flight of the merchant, whom every one had trusted, had become known, and his house was besieged by angry creditors. As is generally the case, what little remained of the once large fortune of Humphrey Seaton was shared amongst the lawyers who undertook the settlement of the case. There was nothing for his creditors, and nothing for the ward he had so basely betrayed.

Great sympathy was felt and expressed for John Hilton; and the name of his guardian, once esteemed so highly, was covered with disgrace and infamy. Many of those he had duped and wronged tried to persuade John to have him pursued—to take active measures for his capture.

There were times when he felt strongly inclined to do so; but the remembrance of the child's face, when he had told her of her father's death, stayed him. If she felt death so keenly, how could she bear disgrace? "Nay," said John to himself, "she must suffer; but that little golden head shall never droop under the knowledge that she is the child of a felon."

He left Dantrey for London, resolving to adopt the law as a profession, and to work hard at it. His first step was to make a fair and equal division of his mother's fortune between Hilda and himself; one-half was invested in her name, the other half in his own. That done, John Hilton began to work with a will and vigor that surprised himself.

He was successful, as the earnest and persevering ever are. His name became known as a painstaking lawyer, who honestly did his best for the interest of his clients. He made money, too, as his costly presents to his ward showed. He spent little on himself, but he lavished much upon Hilda.

The years he had spent in the exercise of his profession had been very happy ones to Hilda Fearing. She knew little of herself, except that her father had been one of John Hilton's dearest friends—that she had been left in his charge, and he, her guardian, was her best-loved and dearest friend.

The one hundred per annum was paid quarterly for her benefit; and Hilda, in her simplicity, always thought and believed it had been left to her by her father, in the care and under the control of John Hilton. The past never troubled her—she had forgotten it. A dim vision of a home she had once known, far distant from the pretty Highgate hills, came to her at times; but she was too happy in the present to care much about either the past or the future.

When Hilda's education was finished, John removed her from school. He found the happiest of homes for her in the care of a widow lady, Mrs. Lorton, whose husband had been one of his best clients. Mrs. Lorton had no children, and her heart warmed to this beautiful, graceful girl, who seemed to ask from her a mother's love.

Fain would John Hilton have taken the girl he loved so dearly to his own home as his wife. He loved her as few men loved. Every thought, wish and desire of his noble and generous heart was centered in her. If he had asked her that first year she left school to become his wife, she would have done so; but his scrupulous delicacy and generosity would not allow him to do so. He said to himself that it would not be fair to take advantage of her youth, inexperience, and grateful affection for himself; that he would wait at least two years, while she saw something of the world and of society. By waiting those two years John Hilton lost his treasure.

Hilda had grown into a beautiful and graceful girl; the delicacy that had often made her young guardian anxious, disappeared as she grew older. The happy simple life she led, the utter freedom from even the most trifling care, had great influence in forming her disposition and character.

When she was nineteen and John twenty-nine, it would have been difficult to find a more lovely or brilliant girl. Her face was like sunshine; it was all brightness and radiance. Her smile was sweet, and her laughter had a musical ripple that worked like a charm upon those who heard it. Her bright beauty was not the only charm. She had the most gentle and sunny disposition; a gay, laughing manner, a temper of unruffled sweetness, and a warm, loving heart.

No wonder John Hilton loved her so dearly. When she was only seventeen he had the portrait taken, and prized it far above all other treasures. He kept it in his dull, gloomy office, looking at it sometimes to enjoy the sunshine of the face and the smile of the lips. He could not remember the time when he had not loved his ward, Hilda Fearing, better than anything on earth. His love grew upon him year by year; he worked for her, thought of her, cared for her with a deep devotion that was beyond expression.

Patiently he waited until the hopes of his life should be fulfilled, and the time should come when he might ask Hilda to be his wife.

She had been much admired and sought after; her beauty and grace had won for her many lovers; but John, who watched with jealous eyes, could not see that she cared for any. He did not feel quite so sure about the young artist, Paul Graham. He was handsome, after the fashion generally admired—a Grecian face, large dreamy eyes, and chestnut hair. He was clever and amiable, but no one ever thought he would be a successful man.

He wanted steady perseverance and industry. Handsome, showy, somewhat superficial, ever trusting "that something would turn up," Paul could not be classed amongst the toilers of the earth. He loved Hilda, and never disguised the fact, but John could not tell if she cared for him. John understood law, but not love. He did not understand why Hilda never laughed when his name was mentioned, why she seemed to avoid him, and turn away her face when she heard him spoken of. He was blind to all this, and started, full of hope, one summer evening, to ask the young girl he had saved from all sorrow to be his wife.

CHAPTER III.

JOHN HILTON, in after life, never forgot that summer evening when he went so full of hope and happiness to ask Hilda Fearing to be his wife. No fear of refusal crossed his mind. Did she not belong to him? Had she not for many long years been his sole delight and care? He had given her time to see the world, and he did not think she could have met with one whose love she would better appreciate than his own. In the tumult of his own happiness, he did not observe the strange flush on the bright face, or the half-shy, half-timid happiness that shone in the love-lit eyes. He found her alone in the sunny little parlor that looked into the flower garden. He could brook no longer delay. He clasped both her hands in his own.

"Hilda," he said, "for years I have been waiting to tell you my secret; I can keep it no longer. I love you more than any words can tell, and want you to be my wife."

She looked at him with surprise; that the idea was quite new to her, he read in her innocent, wondering eyes.

"Your wife!" she repeated. "Oh, John, I did not know you loved me in that way; and—I am engaged to Paul Graham. He asked me to marry him this morning, and I said I would."

"Do you love him?" asked John Hilton, gravely and gently.

"Love him!" she cried, regardless of the wound her words inflicted upon his noble, generous heart; "love him? Yes, John; how can I help it?"

He would have smiled another time at her simplicity; he could not smile now. "You will be happier with him than with me, Hilda?" he asked.

"It is so different," she replied. "You are my guardian, and brother, and friend; he is my——" she paused at loss for a word.

"He is your lover," said John steadily.

"Yes, that is it," she replied; "and, John dear, he is so fond of me. We shall be so happy."

She talked to him in her simple, girlish way of her lover and his love, all unconscious that the heart of the man who had shielded her from childhood was full of grief more bitter than death. Perhaps it was the strange pallor of his face, or the trembling of his firm lips, that arrested her attention and made her think.

"How selfish I am!" she cried. "Do forgive me, John. I know you always rejoice in my joys. I forgot your sorrow; but you do not mind much, guardy, do you? You have taken care of me all my life, and wanted to take more than ever. I shall be wretched if I think you are not happy, and I am sure Paul will be the same."

So unconsciously she said it as though already there was but one heart between Paul and herself. A deep, bitter sigh escaped John Hilton's lips. She drew near him with a wistful look on her sweet face, and tears shining in her eyes.

"Say you forgive me, John," she said. "I was so happy this morning; but if you look sad I shall never be happy again."

None could ever realise how great was the effort John made to regain his composure. It was not the first time he had sacrificed himself for her. His life for the last fifteen years had been one long effort for her sake, one long study for her happiness. Now that, in the bloom and beauty of her first love, she asked him for this one grand sacrifice, this laying down of all his own hopes, he could not refuse her.

"My dear child," he said, caressing her soft golden hair, "my dear child, your happiness will always be mine."

"Thank you, John," she cried. "You will find a sensible, clever wife soon, and then you will be so glad that you did not marry me. You are pleased, then, with Paul?"

"Yes," he replied, gently, "I am pleased with Paul. Let us forget all the nonsense I have been talking, and speak of him and you."

Her face beaming with happiness, Hilda sat down by him, and told the story of Paul's love, and their bright prospects.

He listened with the same quiet, sympathizing smile on his face, that she ever remembered to have seen there. Not one word did he say of the death-blow that had fallen upon him, not one word of the bitter smart of his own pain, or the depths of his own despair. And she, in her careless happiness, believed he did not suffer, because he did not complain.

Hilda Fearing was not the first to mistake tinsel for gold. The young artist's love blinded her to the deep and true devotion of John Hilton. Even she, under the "glamor" of her love-dream, could not help seeing and knowing that, in character and disposition, her lover was far inferior to her guardian.

But when did a young girl in love stop to think, or act wisely? She told him how careful and prudent Paul was going to be—how they had decided that her hundred per annum should keep them in some quiet little home, and he was to save all the money his pictures brought in, until he could have a handsome studio, and afford to pay the models.

Something like a pang shot through John Hilton's heart, noble as it was, when he heard that his money was to make their marriage not only possible, but prudent. Without it the young artist, who could barely support himself, could not hope to support a wife. With it, the matter became feasible.

While Hilda talked to him and told him of the grand pictures Paul was going to paint, John was thinking whether it was not his duty to tell the young girl the story of her life—her father's sin, and the source of her little fortune. He thought and considered well, and finally decided that he was not called upon to disturb the happy current of her young life.

Even Hilda wondered at the rare sweetness of his smile, as he turned to her, and said he would do all he could to help Paul for her sake. She little guessed or dreamed what John Hilton had done for her, or how one word from him could have shattered her hopes, even his own were crushed and broken.

John Hilton was never the same from that evening. He made no sign, he spoke no word; the secret of his deep, passionate love for his ward remained a secret still; but he had no further interest in life. The only one object he had lived, worked and toiled for, was far out of his reach—could never now be his. There seemed nothing before him but years of dreary toil, and a loveless, joyless life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MRS. FRANCES BEECHER, who keeps a school for girls near Stamford, Conn., was married recently, in the presence of her pupils, to Frederick Perkins, of San Francisco. Thirty-five years ago, when the bride was Miss Johnson, she was engaged to Mr. Perkins. They quarreled, however; and she married Rev. Edward Beecher, a brother of Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Perkins also married; but he had long been a widower when Mrs. Beecher became a widow through the sudden death of her husband. Mr. Perkins wrote her a letter of sympathy; the old acquaintance was renewed, the spark of love rekindled, and a wedding of the old lovers is the happy outcome.

CHILDREN'S LIVES ARE MADE MISERABLE by the irritation and distress caused by Worms. As these pests sap their vitality, and retard their healthy growth, they should be treated at once with Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. This remedy destroys the Worms, cleanses the intestines of their nests, and acts as a General Tonic for both the young and old, thus materially aiding in building up the strength. Sold by all Druggists.

Scientific and Useful.

AMMONIA.—Great success has been obtained in Belgium with the ammonia process for sinking shafts through quicksand. The principle is that of freezing the quicksand by an ammonia freezer similar to that used in making artificial ice for domestic use.

FREEZING.—Touch the convex side of a watch glass upon water so as to leave a drop hanging on the glass. Pour a little ether into the concave side and blow upon it. The rapid evaporation of the ether will render the glass so cold that the drop of water will be frozen.

MASONRY.—The announcement is made that what was at first considered a doubtful experiment, viz.; the use of coal tar as a means of rendering masonry impervious to water, especially in positions exposed to direct contact with the latter, has proved a practically valuable resort.

RAINMAKING.—A rainmaker in India has an apparatus, in the shape of a rocket, which is capable of rising to the height of a mile. It contains a reservoir of ether. In its descent it opens a parachute, which causes it to come down slowly. The ether, thrown out in fine spray, absorbs the heat and lowers the temperature, and a limited shower is the result of the rapid condensation of vapor.

KNOTS AND MILES.—One of the things which it seems difficult for the public mind to grasp is that there is a decided difference between the knot and the mile. It is certainly about time to have it thoroughly understood that the two are not the same thing. It seems easy enough to remember that a mile is only about 87 per cent. of a knot, the latter being, approximately, 6082 feet in length, while the statute mile measures 5280.

FLEXIBLE GLASS.—According to a German scientific journal, a material called "flexible glass" is made by dissolving four to eight parts of gun-cotton in one part of ether or alcohol, and adding to the solution two to four parts of a non-resinous oil, and four to ten parts of Canada balsam. The mixture is spread on a plate of glass and dried in a current of air at a temperature of 50 degrees. The residuum is a hard, flexible, transparent mass, resisting alike acids, alkalies and salts.

Farm and Garden.

SPRAYING.—The spraying outfit can be put to good service in giving some of the horses and cows a good spraying as a bath during the warm days.

FLIES.—The plague of flies can be very largely avoided, says a dairyman, by rubbing the horse and the cows all over with a sponge dipped in soap suds in which a small quantity of carbolic acid has been mixed.

DEBT.—Debt is sometimes a necessary thing for the farmer, and one of the means by which he may achieve more quickly an ultimate success. But debt, and particularly a mortgage, should always be entered into with the utmost caution.

THE HORSE.—There are several things which a horse needs in abundance in order to maintain perfect condition. Among them are air, light exercise, pure water and the right kinds of food. Let him lack for any one of these, and he will not long remain at his very best.

SHEEP.—Sheep will not graze during the heat of the day, preferring to do so after sundown. They can be kept in any shady place until evening, and then driven to the pasture. In this manner they will be protected from the heat of the sun and be in better condition for seeking their food during the evening.

STOCK.—Sheep and hogs should have free access to apple orchards, as they will consume the fallen fruit and thus destroy many insects. Weeds and grass will also be kept down by sheep. They should, however, be fed also at night, if the herbage is scarce, in order to have them kept in the best condition.

BUTTER.—Can the proportion of butter in milk be increased by judicious feeding? The testimony that it can be done is rapidly growing. The experiments of many of the State stations and of dairy experts have gained pretty exact information, and show that certain foods rich in oils tend to produce an increase in the butter fats in milk.

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LUCAS COUNTY }

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Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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Of Sneering.

There is an immense power in a laugh, especially when raised at the right time. Few persons, unless they are exceedingly strong-minded, can stand against it; and when a fashion or a mode of thought is overgrown and old, a sound honest laugh will often knock it down. As there is much power in a laugh so there is also much in its imitation—its bastard imitation, the sneer.

Why sneering should be thought clever it is easy to guess. The sneer implies a superiority; and the insect on the leaf is too apt in this world to affect an easy victory, which he has not won over the insect in the dust. He who has not baffled with life, and knows little of its hardships, not only of the difficulty of gaining a battle, but of keeping his soldiers together on the march, will criticise the old and well-worn veterans who have won in many a hard fight—will detract from their merit; and after the thing is done, point out an apparently easier and better way to have done it. And the very act, ill-natured as it is, seems to confer upon the sneerer the merit which he detracts from another, just as in savage countries the painted and tattooed brave, who has killed a warrior of merit and excellence, claim the victories of the deceased manslayer.

Moreover, the human heart does so love truth, and gives so willing a credence to that which people say, that in many cases the detractor is believed; and this is especially the case when the sneerer has the power of commanding the utterance of a respectable print. The oracular pronunciamentos of the newspapers are sometimes ridiculous enough; but they have before this broken hearts, and made the sensitive breast of the poet or artist dilate and throb with the most painful feelings.

The animadversions of non-military critics, written at home by the fireside, and expressed with as much freedom as ignorance, have been more than suspected of driving an officer to give battle at an ill-judged time, and have cost both men and reputation; and more than one gallant man has been driven into enforced exile, to misery and disgrace, nay, even to suicide, from the same cause. And yet it was not envy, nor hatred, nor malice, that prompted the conceited wiseacres to act as they did, but merely a priggish delight to believe nobody in the right but themselves, a wish to offend and to hurt, and a love of meddling. It is a happy thing for us all that they often burn their own fingers.

After a certain time spent in practising the art of sneering, wicked and really stupid as it is, the initiated get a certain delicacy of touch which is easily seen by an acute observer, but which is dreadfully offensive to the young. They cannot stand up, if they are at all ingenuous and intense in their modesty and feeling, against such sneerers; while they find, and find readily, quite enough strength to repel the coarser and the less practised scandal.

We can understand why a woman who has herself been stung should feel impelled by an envious spirit to blacken the characters of her sisters; but a generous nature cannot but be astonished to find that persons who are unknown to him, whom he has not wronged, nay, those whom he has benefited, are ready to detract from his stock of merit—to whisper, to hint, to asperse, and to blacken without a cause. But such is the fashion of the day. Let any one have a name known to the public, and let that name be mentioned, and as surely as the night follows the day, after a little cold praise, cold as the morning's sun in winter, hot envy and jealous detraction follow. "He is clever of course, and the work would be good, if——" And then the floodgates of speech are opened, and the poor fellow has black marks by the dozen affixed to him.

And frequently all this will be done for just the same reason as that which induced the countryman to cast in his oyster shell to the ballot to banish Aristides; not because he knew any evil of that great man, but because he was tired of hearing him praised; nay, he was sick of his name. And it unfortunately happens that the temper of the public is such that sometimes, just at the turn of the tide as it were, the detractor, by a well-timed word, gets the best of it.

There was once a sufficiently meritorious comedy, called "Sancho Panza," produced in Paris, as Menage tells the story. At the close of the third act the Duke in the piece yawns, and says, "I begin to get tired of Sancho." "Egad, so do I!" said a wag in the pit, taking his hat up, and walking out; and that word and action settled the fate of the comedy. All the house joined in the laugh and the yawn, and the play (in theatrical phraseology) was damned. More than one meritorious author has been sneered out of public favor more because he had a queer name than for anything else. There is Mr. Amos Cottle, for instance, who was no fool. Lord Byron sneered at his name; but Cottle no more deserved to be sneered at for his name than his lordship to be blamed for his lameness. The whole question of names is curious; and, if Mr. Cottle could have been born a Howard, a Plantagenet, or a Percy, perhaps he would have so chosen.

There is an author of the present day who may have written platitudes, but has certainly never written anything vicious, while he has written much that is incentive to good; yet he has been sneered down systematically, partly because he possesses a somewhat comic name, which looks funny in a clever article. And directly one of the sneerers began to attack him, as he was not very big, all the others followed, until the public has at last begun to believe against its own belief, and to abandon an old favorite.

There is some comfort even to a Christian to know that the sneerers punish themselves; but it is small comfort to think that there are so many of them that the age has sensibly deteriorated in generosity within these few years. The young men some fifteen years ago used to believe in generous impulses, in the advance of the masses, in progress, and a grand future. But now-a-days the young man has grown cunning. All he has to say is, "Not for Joseph," with a sly wink; he knows too much, for his compeers; and when the deeds of a hero or the self-sacrifice of a patriot are mentioned to him, all that he wants to know is, "How much did he get by it?" "What will it pay," is his question rather than what is right; and thus biased, not by principle, but by results, he is just the man to believe in the veneered cleverness of a tribe of writers who think to raise themselves by depressing others. For proof of this we have only to read some of the smart essayists of the day, who place the title of some virtue or good quality at the top of their essay, and descant upon it only to prove that it does not exist.

Were we to consider the matter deeply we might lose temper about it. Sneering is so far from being clever, that it encourages the most detestable vices. Lawyers, players and politicians, are much subject to it; and also small poets, writers of books, artists, architects, and all whose works are more public than others'. When a man is very great indeed, his merit beats down some opposition; but what it beats down is the openly-expressed envy, not that which is secret and most harmful.

THE complaint about not having been "taught" this or that in early youth is the refuge of inert minds. The things which a man knows best are those which he teaches himself when his mind is matured. Much may no doubt be done to improve English education; but it must be borne in mind that education, to be efficient can never limit itself to the mere giving of information. The development of mental power, the guidance of mental tendencies, and the formation of the taste are, at least, of equal importance.

HE who attempts to make others believe in means which he himself despises, is a puffer; he who makes use of more means than he knows to be necessary, is a quack; and he who ascribes to those means a greater efficacy than his own experience warrants, is an impostor.

IT is the most momentous question a woman is ever called upon to decide—whether the faults of the man she loves are beyond remedy and will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer, and lift him to her own level.

REASON shows itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation or the continuance of his species.

PEOPLE who brood over their sorrows are usually successful in hatching a numerous family; and those who "nurse their rage to keep it warm" are sure of a comfortable temperature of indignation.

HE is only noble who uses to the best advantage the powers of body and mind with which the Creator has endowed him. Any claim not founded on this is false and pernicious.

HE that cometh to seek after knowledge with a mind to scorn and censure shall be sure to find matter for his humor, but no matter for his instruction.

ONE reason why the world is not reformed is, because every man is bent on reforming others, while but few think of reforming themselves.

ONE of the most important rules in the science of manners is an almost absolute silence with regard to yourself.

THE real happiness of life cannot be bought with money, and the poor may have it as well as the rich.

THE richest man is not the one who has the most, but the one who can be most thankful for the least.

OUR greatest glory is not in never falling, but rising every time we fall.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

BRUTUS.—"Rigging up a jurymast," is putting up a temporary mast in place of one carried away in a gale, or otherwise destroyed or damaged.

M. J. D.—A love of truth, a high sense of honor, delicacy of manner, and strict adherence to correct principles, are the chief essentials of a gentleman.

D. B S.—Stories are paid for in different ways. The chief consideration is their own value and the reputation of the author. Thus a column of Gladstone would bring more than a dozen pages by one of lesser fame.

LILLA.—The name of David's mother is not mentioned in the Bible, but her marriage with Nahash, King of the Ammonites, is spoken of, 2 Sam. xvii. 25. By some, Jesse, David's father, is supposed to be identical with this Nahash; others are of opinion that the woman married twice. The whole history is obscure.

STUDENT.—The English language contains more words than any other, and during a half century has been very considerably augmented. The Oxford Dictionary, edited by Dr. Murray, contains 250,000 words. Next in order German follows with 80,000 words; Italian, with 54,000; French, with 30,000 only; and, last of all Spanish, with 20,000.

B. K. H.—Do you not remember the old proverb, "Faint heart never won fair lady?" If you do not screw up your courage, and tell her honestly that you love her, and ask her permission to speak to her father, she will think you too chicken-hearted ever to be a protector to her. If you cannot address her by word of month, write to her.

ANNIE.—There is an old saying to the effect that "If you rock an empty cradle you will rock a new baby into it." This is difficult of explanation by any other reason than that of coincidence. The expectation of an addition to the family naturally causes the production of the cradle, which has been stored away previous to that expected occurrence.

AWKWARDNESS.—Try not to be self-conscious and you will be less nervous. Don't imagine that everyone is looking at you; probably no one is thinking of doing any such thing. Simply be ladylike and quiet; take what you like, and refuse what you do not want; trained servants understand all about it, and you will not be made to feel awkward.

INDIA.—The story to which you refer comes from Malory's "History of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table." Guinevere was the beloved wife of the stainless king, and she was entirely trusted. But she loved Lancelot, the greatest knight of all the court; and the wicked courtier Modred betrayed her secret. You will find the story beautifully told in Tennyson; and we dare say that you will cry over it, as many good and brave men and women have often done before.

DOT.—The idea that there is any bad result to be anticipated by marrying in the month of May has it origin in a superstition of the ancient Romans, and was referred to by Ovid (Fast. v., p. 490). Sir Walter Scott speaks of it as prevailing in his own country; and the apparent confirmation of the ill-omened nature of the month for such an undertaking was remarkable in the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots with the divorced Earl of Bothwell, on the 15th May, 1567. The month following she was a prisoner in Lochleven Castle.

HISBRENT.—Peter Paul Rubens painted a vast number of pictures. His great powers are most pre-eminently displayed in the large works "The Fall of the Damned," "The Day of Judgment," "The Resurrection of the Just," "The Descent from the Cross," "The Conversion of Saul," "The Overthrow of Sennacherib and his Host," "The Murder of the Innocents," "The Impenitent Thief on the Cross," "The Battle of the Amazons," "The Rape of the Sabines," "The Death of Hippolytus," "The Brazen Serpent," and compositions of great size, and comprising a multitude of figures, too numerous to mention.

UNDERGROUND.—Yes, it is quite true that there are blue, green, and red diamonds, as well as white and straw-color, the composition of a gem and not its hue determining its character. It is not a ruby because it is red in color, nor a sapphire because of its blue shade, for the oriental ruby, sapphire, and topaz are composed of clay and slate, mingled with chromic acid (the Brazilian topaz is a compound of silica or flint and alumina), whereas the diamond is a chip of coal or an evolution of it. It is pure carbon in a peculiar allotropic condition. Imitations have been most successfully made; but all attempts to produce the real gem have failed, for the means by which Nature manufactured it have not been explained.

AMY.—The most common of all Christian names are John and William, according to Sir Herbert Maxwell, who gave an interesting article some time ago on the subject. Before the adoption of surnames in England, William was most in favor, 88 of them appearing in Doomsday Book. We read that in 1173 Sir William St. John and Sir William Fitz-Hamon gave a banquet at the court of Henry II., limiting the invitations to the knights who were "namesakes" of their own, and the guests numbered 120 persons. The day for "John" arrived in 1347, when in the Common Council of London 35 bearers of that name appeared on the rolls. Still in much favor in 1385, amongst the 376 names registered on the roll of the guild of St. George at Norwich there were 128 Johns.

OF LOVE AND TIME.

BY MARY MACLEOD.

"Dead but a month! Yet his smile is gay,
His laughter light as of yore;
How frail is love?" So the idlers say;
"How soon is his sorrow o'er!"

Dead but a month? Nay, the time has flown—
It is surely many a year
Since I left my dear dead love alone,
All alone, on the hillside here.

O love, my love, how can mortals speak
Of "lately" or "long ago?"
Let them mete out life by the day or week;
Our love is not measured so.

The hours pass; but I care not now
How swift or how slow they glide,
For to me all time fell dead, I trow,
The day that my darling died.

The Colonel's Wooing.

BY K. H.

"AND is it possible," said Lady Marcia Tyrell, "that I really have a grown-up daughter, a daughter ready to come out! How old it makes me feel!"

She may have felt old, but she did not look it. Her complexion was fresh and delicate, her figure almost girlish in its slimness, and there was no trace of gray amongst the wavy masses of her auburn hair. A very lovely woman was Lady Marcia, and she possessed a charm that is almost as potent over the hearts of men, as is that of beauty, she was eminently fascinating.

She was standing in the drawing room of her luxurious Parisian flat, and her companion was a little old-fashioned lady who had once been her own governess and who was now acting in the same capacity to her daughter Claire. Miss Uniacke invariably took everything in its most literal sense, and she threw up her mittened hands in mild protest as Lady Marcia spoke.

"You old, my dear! O, how can you say so? Why you can't be more than thirty-seven. Claire is only seventeen, and you were barely nineteen when she was born. You married too young!"

"Yes," agreed Lady Marcia placidly, "I think I did."

She might have added that Mr. Tyrell, the wealthy manufacturer, had been a good deal too old a husband for her, and Miss Uniacke had been thinking of this when she spoke, but Lady Marcia's disposition was joyous and easy-going almost to a fault. Sweet-natured and sunny-tempered she certainly was, and she was a woman made to be loved and caressed, but with all her sweetness and goodness, she was not a woman either to think or feel deeply.

When her father, an impecunious Irish peer, had married her, almost before she had emerged from the schoolroom, to a man more than double her age, she had gone smiling to the altar. Her poor old husband worshipped her, and she liked him and did her duty by him, and no breath of scandal had ever tarnished her fair name. When, however, Mr. Tyrell died, Lady Marcia was by no means broken-hearted. She shed a few decorous tears and then her old happy life went on again and she slept and ate and enjoyed herself as much as ever. She never felt inclined to re-marry. She was not passionate enough to feel the want of one all-engrossing love, and her baby daughter Claire, amply filled her life. Almost a child herself when Claire was born, the two had been everything to each other. They were more like sisters than like mother and daughter. They had never been separated until a year ago, when Lady Marcia had been summoned to Ireland to nurse her father through a long and tedious illness, and Claire had gone to a convent school to Bavaria, under Miss Uniacke's charge, to perfect herself in German.

The old Earl was better now, and Lady Marcia had flown to join her daughter, who had come to Paris to meet her, and they had arranged to stay there until the London season began. It was now March, and Easter fell early that year, but, in spite of the claims that Lady Marcia felt London had upon her, now that she had a daughter to present and bring out, she meant to linger in the gay French capital for some weeks longer. Lady Marcia was almost childlike in her capacity for enjoyment, and what can equal Paris at Eastertide?

A maid, arrayed in the daintiest of caps and aprons, brought in tea, and Lady Marcia threw off her heavy fur-lined cloak, for she had been driving with her daughter, and sank into the nearest easy-chair. She took a great bunch of violets out of a china bowl near her and pinned them into the soft lace of her dress.

"Now let us have a cosy chat, you old dear," she said to Miss Uniacke, "it seems such ages since we parted! You shall make the tea, I am too lazy. I don't think Claire will be down just yet, for she had letters to write, so you can tell me all about her. How pretty she is, and yet—not exactly pretty either! I think there is something grand-looking about Claire, and I see a change in her although we have not been away from each other so very long. Had she any admirers?"

Miss Uniacke looked feebly shocked. She adored Lady Marcia, but somehow the latter nearly always contrived to shock her.

"My dear, I thought you trusted me," she said, with an attempt at dignity. "Claire's male acquaintances may be almost counted on my fingers. You forget she is not out. She has been nowhere since we came to Paris excepting to the Marchmonts'. They give musical evenings, you know, and made such a point of my bringing her, and as they are such old friends and Mrs. Marchmont is her godmother, I thought you would not mind, and then the music is so good!"

"And I'm sure the company is the same," laughed Lady Marcia, "so don't apologize for taking her. I am going myself to-morrow night. Is that where she met a tall, good-looking man who passed us when we were driving to-day? Desborough, I think, she said his name was!"

Miss Uniacke nodded.

"Yes, Colonel Desborough. He is a sort of cousin of Mrs. Marchmont's and is staying with them. He and Claire have been trying duets together. He told me her voice was the sweetest and freshest he had heard for years! And so it is," Miss Uniacke added, with almost motherly pride in her pupil.

And indeed she was a pupil anyone might have been proud of. She came into the room just as her governess finished speaking, and as she knelt down by the side of her mother's chair, you saw how like and yet unlike, were Lady Marcia and her daughter.

She was tall, even taller than her mother, and her coloring was much the same, but her eyes were not Irish blue, but tenderest, deepest hazel, and whilst Lady Marcia's face betrayed her character, sweet, pliable, and without depth, every line of her daughter's countenance spoke of firmness and self control.

Marvellous decision and capacity for good or evil looked at you from Claire's long-lashed eyes, and was expressed in the curves of her delicate mouth. As you gazed at her you could not help feeling that she might become either a very good woman or the reverse, but an ordinary woman she would never be.

It was this peculiarity about her face that nearly always puzzled people and made them say:

"Yes, Claire Tyrell is beautiful, and yet—you would never dream of calling her a pretty girl!"

She knelt on by her mother's side, and pulled Lady Marcia's head down till it rested on her shoulder and their auburn hair mingled together. The mother's was every whit as abundant and full of rich coloring as the daughter's.

"O, mother," said the girl, with a sigh of deepest content, "this is lovely—to be with you once more! I have longed for to-day for months, and I thought grandfather was never going to release you. Now we will never, never be parted again!"

Lady Marcia's pretty laugh pealed out.

"'Never' is a long day, Claire. You will be marrying soon. I hear you have already begun to sing duets with gallant colonels."

Lady Marica spoke jestingly, and the moment after she had spoken she bit her lips, and longed to retract her words. She was sorry she had made such a speech to her young daughter, fresh from the convent school, and she felt that what she had said was hardly in the best of taste, and she was refined and high-bred to her finger-tips.

This was so like Lady Marcia. She generally spoke upon impulse, and often repented afterwards, only to do the same thing again ten times in the same day, in her happy, heedless, Irish way; and with it all she was so sweetly and serenely unconscious that she rarely offended anyone.

Claire rose at her mother's jest, and a wave of deep color swept over her face, but she turned quickly towards the window and neither Lady Marcia nor Miss Uniacke saw that passing blush. If the latter noticed it, it would have revealed much to her, for she knew her pupil's character by heart. For seventeen years, since the girl's earliest babyhood, Miss Uniacke had watched and prayed over her; and if the mother was dear to her, the daughter was still dearer.

"I was telling your mother," she said, as she busily resumed her knitting, "about the Marchmonts' musical evenings, and of how well your voice and Colonel Desborough's went together. You must introduce him to your mother to-morrow night. I think she will like him."

Claire looked at her mother with shining, earnest eyes.

"Yes," she answered, "I think you will like him, mother. I haven't seen many men, but it seems to me he is the only man I have met who is worth talking to, excepting that German professor whom we knew at Bonn last year—and the Colonel Desborough's voice is a lovely baritone! When you sing with him you can't help singing well."

"An admirable Crichton!" said Lady Marcia brightly. "I begin to look forward to to-morrow, Claire, and, oh! how tiresome! all my prettiest dresses are white, and now that I am going to take out a grown-up daughter for the first time, it would be too silly for me to go arrayed in white!"

Claire did not answer. She had taken up her work and her head was bent over it. She hardly heard her mother's frivolous chatter. She was thinking that she also was looking forward to to-morrow and she was afraid to ask herself the reason why.

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The Marchmonts' rooms were as crowded the next evening as such an excellent hostess as Mrs. Marchmont ever permitted her rooms to be. A famous 'cello player was to perform, and the whole of the musical programme was expected to be even better than usual in a house where it was always far above the average.

The Tyrells came late, and of the two Lady Marcia looked by far the most brilliant. The pale green silk she wore threw up her marvellous coloring, and her pretty blue eyes were dancing with the anticipation of enjoyment, and were nearly as bright as her diamonds.

"Darling," she whispered to her daughter as they made their way up the staircase, "you look quite fagged. You get up too early. Why cannot you go to church at ten o'clock, like you do. 'One cannot burn the candle at both ends!'"

Lady Marcia was a good woman, and, like all her family, a staunch Roman Catholic, and had brought up her daughter in her own faith, but she liked to take her religion as easily as she took everything else in life, and a ten o'clock mass, after a comfortable cup of chocolate, was more in her line than a seven o'clock one.

Claire only smiled. It was no hardship to her to get up at six; in the convent, the day had seemed half over by ten.

"Mother," she said, "here is Colonel Desborough. I must introduce him to you now. O, I hope you will like him." And a moment later he was bowing over Lady Marcia's slender hand.

An hour afterwards he was still by her side. The subtle attraction she possessed for all men had cast its spell over him, seasoned veteran though he was. For the last three weeks he had, so he imagined, been rapidly falling in love with Claire, and he had almost decided that she was the only girl he would ever care to have for his wife. This was no light conclusion for him to have nearly arrived at, for he was a man of more than fifty, a distinguished officer who had seen much service, and who had lived every day of his life. Claire, in her girlish purity, had attracted him as a very young girl will often attract a blase man of the world, and almost, not quite, he had made up his mind to give up his freedom at last. He had not much fear of a refusal. Colonel Desborough was not a vain man, but he had noticed how Claire's sweet face lit up at his approach, and how eagerly she listened to all he had to say. She was talking now to a young attache of the English Embassy, a beardless youth, whose only merit lay in his exquisite violin playing, or rather, she was letting him talk to her and, "how bored she looked," thought Desborough. "And yet—how much more suitable it would be, as regards age and everything else, if she were to marry some young fellow like Vivian!"

The Colonel felt that he had been very foolish to have been almost falling in love with a girl not out of her teens, a girl who would be in the zenith of her beauty when he would be good for nothing but gruel and a bath chair. And Desborough smiled half bitterly. Then he glanced down at Lady Marcia, who was fanning herself languidly with a fan that was a mass of gleaming tortoise shell and pale green feathers, and somehow he felt consoled.

Before the evening was over he began to think that Claire would make a charming step-daughter, and that her mother—well, that her mother was simply the sweetest and most fascinating woman he had ever met.

He took Lady Marcia down to supper, and later on escorted her to her carriage, Claire following them on the arm of a much be-decorated foreign count.

"I will bring you that book that we were talking of to-morrow, if I may," were Desborough's parting words. "They are the cleverest essays that have been written for some time." And Lady Marcia, who seldom read anything deeper than Marie Corelli's novels, said, "Thank you" with pretty earnestness, and added that "they would be in about tea-time."

After that the little drama was played out very quickly.

Nearly every day the Colonel made some excuse for calling at the Tyrells', and when he did not call he always contrived to waylay Lady Marcia on her rides and drives.

Soon all her little world began to whisper about his infatuation for the pretty widow, and everyone knew that it only rested with herself to become Lady Marcia Desborough. Everyone knew but Claire!

To do both Lady Marcia and Desborough justice, they neither of them dreamt that Claire's feelings were involved in the matter. Claire was not a girl to wear her heart upon her sleeve, and even to herself she hardly acknowledged how deeply she loved Robert Desborough. He was old enough to be her father, and therein perhaps lay part of his charm. She felt that he had seen so much that she had never even thought of; that he had gone through experiences such as by the wildest stretch of her imagination she could not picture. And then, he was so clever and so handsome, and he seemed so far above her, and Claire could never have cared for a man she could not reverence as well.

It was strange how blind she was to his growing love for her mother. She did not see (although even to prosy Miss Uniacke the fact was patent) that Colonel Desborough's whole soul was wrapped up in Lady Marcia. He had taken long to fall in love, but he had contrived to do so thoroughly at last. Lady Marcia had enslaved him as completely as if he had been some callow youth of twenty. She held his heart in the hollow of her slim, little hand, and in his own eyes his liking for Claire now seemed to him to have been the merest passing fancy. As a daughter he felt that he could love her dearly, but he marvelled how he could ever have thought of her as a wife.

Of course Claire's delusion could not last, but it was very sweet to the girl while it lasted, and the awakening was none the less bitter for coming unexpectedly.

They were returning to England in a fortnight's time, and Claire had been busy shopping with Miss Uniacke. She had been collecting photographs of the different churches of Paris, and this afternoon she had invested in a huge album in which to paste them. Lady Marcia had not been out. Her head had been aching slightly, so she was resting quietly in her own room, and Claire, on her return, found the drawing-room deserted. Beyond it lay another little room, which she sometimes used to paint and read in. It was divided from their sitting-room by heavy velvet curtains, and into the room Claire carried her photographs. It was an untidy little den, but here she could make as much mess as she liked, and here she was secure from interruption.

She worked away industriously for some time, and then she heard the servant usher someone into the drawing-room, and peeping through the curtains she saw it was Colonel Desborough. Afterwards, Claire often wondered what instinct it was that prevented her from going forward to greet him, but something did prevent her, and she sat silent. The curtains hid her and she could see him distinctly, whilst remaining totally unseen herself.

She heard him ask for her mother, and then, while the servant went to find her, she watched him walking restlessly about the room. A very demon of inquietude seemed to possess him, and he had just halted by a large photograph of Lady Marcia, taken when she was barely nineteen, with Claire, a baby, peeping over her shoulder, when her mother came in.

Claire lived to be an old woman, but, to her dying hour, every detail of the scene

that followed was engraven on her memory, and she never forgot how her mother was dressed that day.

Lady Marcia wore a tea-gown of soft, cream-colored silk, and she had fastened a big bunch of tea-roses (the Colonel's morning offering) into her waistband. Her pretty hair was gathered up carelessly into a great loose knot. She had never looked more girlish or more bewitching.

"What! are you all alone?" she asked gaily. "I thought Claire was here. And please don't gaze at that very ancient photograph. It makes me feel—oh, so old when I see it and remember what a grown-up young person Claire is now, and she was such a sweet little baby!"

The Colonel was looking at her as if he could never look away. She was a tall woman, but he was tall enough to look down on her. Suddenly he bent forward and caught both her hands in his own. His bronzed face was pale with the intensity of his emotion.

O, Marcia, my darling," he said hoarsely. "I hate that photograph. To think that you should have wasted even one year of your sweet life on another man. To think that another man's child should call you 'Mother'! Your past I know can never be mine, but your future may. I want you, Marcia, I want you for my very own. I want you for my wife. You must have seen how I have grown to love you; can't you love me in return?"

Lady Marcia was used to love and admiration. Since her widowhood began she had had more proposals than she could count or remember, yet—shallow little soul as she was—the earnestness of this strong man's passion struck some responsive chord in her.

She had taken his attentions very calmly as was her wont, and if they had drifted apart she would probably very soon have forgotten him or merely have recalled him as "that nice man, Colonel Desborough, whom we met in Paris." But as it was, for the moment she really felt as if she was falling in love, and she rather liked the sensation!

And Claire?

Claire sat in the next room as if turned to stone, and listened to the words that were to blight the whole of her young life. There was no uncertainty about her love for Desborough. The love that her mother prized so lightly, and could so easily have gone without. Claire's love for him had became, unconsciously to herself, a very part of her nature. She cared for him in a manner far beyond her years; in a manner few girls of seventeen are capable of caring for a man in.

And this was the end of it! And the hand that dashed the cup of happiness from her lips was the hand of her own mother, the mother who adored her and whom she adored.

She watched him put his arms round Lady Marcia's slender form, and encircle her in a passionate embrace, and she saw her mother's haughty head, with its wealth of pretty hair, sink submissively on to his shoulder. Then their lips met and Claire bit her own till they bled, in her efforts to repress a moan of bitter anguish.

When she was capable of listening again, her mother was speaking, and Colonel Desborough was gathering up his hat and gloves.

"You will come back and dine, will you not, Robert?" she was saying with pretty hesitation. "There are quails, I know, but I am vague as to the rest of the dinner. Miss Unlacke sees to all that, and I hope, oh I do hope she has managed to get some strawberries. I am so fond of strawberries, and forced ones are better than none."

Claire almost smiled. It all seemed such a farce! The crowning joy of Lady Marcia's life had come to her, and she could think of quails and strawberries. But Robert Desborough was content.

"Yes, dearest, I will come back," he said. "I shall never stay away from you for long again. Put on a white dress, all white, and wear white flowers in your hair. O, Marcia, I never could quote correctly, but I feel to-day, with George Eliot that, 'the troubles of youth were worth living through, for the sake of the joys of middle age.'"

Clair's head sunk down into her hands, and so she sat on. I think, just at first, her pain was so great that she was barely conscious of it. O, if he had only kissed her as he was kissing Lady Marcia! If he had only whispered those words to her. 'Sweetheart, you are my life. I cannot live without you!"

"My God, my God!" the poor child thought. "It is wicked, it is horrible! I am jealous of my mother, my own darling mother. O, what shall I do?"

A great longing came upon her to be alone with her sorrow. She felt as if the four walls of the room were stifling her. If only she could get away, into the air, into the busy streets of Paris, she fancied she might be able to regain some account of self-control).

When she had begun to arrange her album, she had flung off her outdoor garments, but now she put them on hastily, and when she had made sure that the drawing-room was once more empty and that her mother was safe upstairs, she stole through it noiselessly, and let herself swiftly out into the street.

In later life, when Claire, after years of self-discipline, had taught herself to look back calmly on that time, she was never quite able to tell what she had done during those first few hours. She always thought that she must have walked for miles, aimlessly and rapidly. She, who had hardly ever, even in broadest daylight, been out without an escort, and it was now getting dusk.

At last, when she had forced herself to turn homewards, she found herself passing a church, and with a great sigh of relief she crept in and flung herself on her knees in one of its darkest corners.

It was a large church, and save for the glimmering tapers that were burning in front of the various altars, and the soft glow of the sanctuary lamp, it was unlit. The holy quiet, the incense laden atmosphere, soothed Claire's bruised spirit strangely.

She felt, that while she still possessed her God, it was possible to bear the things, to suffer all things. Alone, save for her Lord, in this, the hour of our great misery, she prayed as in all her pure young life, she had never prayed before.

From above the Lady altar, a marble figure of the Virgin looked down on her, and Claire knelt on, the tears streaming down her face, but all the bitterness gone from her heart.

"O, Holy Mother," she prayed. "Teach me to bear my grief. Teach me to turn my life to good account, not to waste it in vain repining for what might have been, and for the love that can never now be mine. O, God, keep my purpose firm. Help me to live a good and useful life, and tell me how that life is to be lived."

As if in answer to her prayer, she heard a slight stir behind her. Hitherto, she had been alone in the church, but now she saw that two Sisters of Charity had glided in, on their way back to their Convent, probably after a day spent amidst the slums of Paris.

They knelt down near her and began to say their rosaries, and Claire, as she looked at their sweet placid faces and marked the holy calm that seemed to enfold them, felt that her position had been heard and answered. She too, might conquer herself and live for others, and in time become a partaker of that heavenly peace, and so obtain "an exceeding great reward."

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Before the summer was over two events had taken place. Lady Marcia and Robert Desborough were man and wife, and Claire had entered upon her noviciate as a Sister of Charity in the Rue du Bac.

She did not enter without long and heartfelt opposition from everyone, and God alone knew what it cost her to keep firm in spite of it. Her stepfather, although he was not a Catholic, alone said nothing to dissuade her. Perhaps he remembered the look in her eyes, when he had given her his first fatherly kiss upon his wedding morning, and perhaps a dim perception of how matters were with Claire had dawned upon him then.

His marriage turned out a very happy one. Indeed, with sunny, sweet-tempered Lady Marcia for a wife, it could hardly turn out otherwise. She did not, naturally, see much of Claire, and the only tears she ever sheds are shed when she parts with her daughter, after a flying visit of a hours' duration.

She has two boys now, handsome, sturdy little fellows, to whom she is devoted, but, fond as she is of them, they can never quite fill the place of her first-born, and every time she goes to the convent she makes her little lament over Claire.

"O, darling," she always says, "of course you have chosen the better part, but I wish it could have been otherwise. The cap is so unbecoming, and I want you so at home!"

In spite of this however, Lady Marcia is happy, for——she never knows the truth!

TOMMY (looking thoughtfully into his squarium)—"Mamma, I think the worst thing about being a little fish would be having a mamma without any lap."

Aunt Milly.

BY T. W. H.

"WHY, where have you been, aunty dear?" cried Flora Ashley, holding up her hands in amazement; then quickly pressing them to her eyes and as quickly removing them, she added, ere her aunt could reply, "If I remember right, you made a like mysterious excursion last New Year's Eve. What does it mean? Pray enlighten me, for I am largely endowed with Mother's Eve's predominating feeling."

"You are a sad madcap, Flo," said her aunt; "but if somebody has not yet arrived, come with me to my room, and I will tell you.

Somebody not having arrived, Flora accepted her aunt's invitation, and seating herself by the fire, kept poking in it until that lady had changed her snow-wet garments for others more comfortable, and approaching her, said, "It is a rather long story I have to tell, and I fear you are too much on the tiptoe of expectation to listen to it."

"Oh dear no! I am all attention," said Flora.

"Well, I shall be as brief as possible," said her aunt.

"Twenty years ago to-night, and about this hour, I wrapped myself in my mantle and stole out. Unobserved, I reached the arbor by the burn, where I found him I had gone to meet awaiting me.

"We were playmates in childhood, Ernest Irwin and I; but at the age of fourteen he was left an orphan, and as he had no near relation, his guardian took him to town with him, and from that time we never heard of him until the Autumn immediately preceding the New Year's Eve I speak of, when a rumor reached us of his having given himself up to gambling, and to such an extent, as almost to have reduced himself to penury. Still, we had no certainty that such was really the case, when one bleak November afternoon I met him.

"At a glance I recognized him, and forgetting the years that had come and gone since we last played together in that same green lane, I held out my hand, exclaiming, 'Ernest! Ernest! Irwin!' He knew me then, and turning, walked homewards with me. He seemed so much the Ernest of by-gone days, there ere we had reached the house I felt sure the evil we had heard of him was false. Alas! it proved to be but too true.

"The following day he called, but was treated by my father and sister in such a manner to a forbid any repetition of his visit. The previous evening they had heard ample proof of the truth of the report I have mentioned. I saw he felt hurt by their manner; and feeling truly sorry for my old playmate, I did all I could to counteract it. When he rose to go, I went down stairs and opened the door for him myself, although Bella's frowns warned me I might look for anything but approval on my return.

"'Thanks! I have still one friend,' he said, as we stood on the door-step; then hastily added, 'Good-by, Milly—we shall meet again;' and we did meet again. At first it might be accidental—I at least thought it so; then it came to be understood; and now it was by appointment.

"While at breakfast I observed a boy come two or three times round the turn of the approach, and look towards the house, as if watching some one. Feeling instinctively it was some message from Ernest, I strolled out as soon as I could leave the table. I was right—the boy brought a note from Ernest, asking me to meet him at twilight, and in the arbor I have mentioned. I went, as I have told you, and ere I returned I was the promised bride of Ernest Irwin. Early the following morning he was going away, and we were not to meet again till that night twelvemonth, by which time he was to win himself a name and position such as to warrant him claiming me of my father.

"'You will not fail me, Milly? Here, at this hour, this night twelvemonth, I shall wait for you.'

"'I will be here,' I replied, looking straight into his love-lit eyes; and with one long, lingering kiss, we parted.

"Only once I heard from him during that year; but even that was more than I had looked for, as any attempt at correspondence was of curse, as we were situated, out of the question. That the arbor should be now my favorite retreat, you will readily believe. One evening, as I sat in it, my faced buried in my hands, after my usual fashion, a slight noise startled me, and I sprang to my feet. There was no one visible, but on the seat close by the door there lay a small parcel, and by the fast-fading light I managed to read 'Miss M. Ashley,' pencilled on it. I looked all around, in hopes of discovering who had brought it, but in vain; so I hastened to the house with it, and on opening it, found it to contain a life-like portrait of Ernest, a small volume of poems he had just published, and an acrostic. I was very proud of that picture, so like him—of being loved by the author of that little volume—and, perhaps, prouder still of being the subject of that acrostic, every line of it telling of his love.

"After this, the time seemed to pass more rapidly, and at last the eagerly looked-for twilight had arrived, and again I stole out to meet him, but this time how trembling! While the time was distant, I had no doubt of his coming; but now it had arrived, a thousand fears took possession of me, and my tottering limbs would scarce carry me to our trysting-place. At length I reached it, and my fears were forgotten, for his arms were around me, and his loved voice sounding in her eyes, whispering again the old, fond endearments.

"I do not know how long we loitered there, but twilight was gone, and the sky studded with pale stars, when I recollected that I must go, else I should be missed.

"'It does not matter now, dear one; your father can have no pretext for withholding his consent to our union,' said Ernest; when, as he finished, a low, mocking laugh grated harshly on our ears.

"'It is Bella! ah, it is Bella! how shall I go in?' I cried.

"'Never mind, I will go with you,' replied Ernest, and went in together.

"'Where is my father?' I asked of a servant we met as we entered.

"'In the library, waiting until your brother joins him. He has just arrived,' was the reply.

"'Had we better wait?' asked Ernest.

"'Oh no,' said I; go to him at once, and I shall wait for you at the entrance-door. Would it were over!'

"I had not long to wait. In less than five minutes Ernest came out; my father had treated him coldly,—I fear almost rudely; and ended by saying that 'if two years hence he still continued to pursue the course he had during the past one, he would give his consent to our union—not sooner; and we were not to meet during the prescribed period of probation.'

"Oh, it was a sad ending to all our late exultant hopes! No wonder he entreated me to go with him then, or that I found it hard to refuse; but I remembered it was for my good my father had so decided, and found strength to do so. Oh, the anguish of that parting!—the dread presentiments which accompanied it, for which I could find no cause, having such boundless faith in him I loved!

"How often we parted, turned, and met but to part again, I know not; but at last the door opened, and with a passionate embrace we were separated.

"I was both surprised and happy, when some weeks had passed without any mention of the events of that evening, by either my father or Bella; but such was not long to be the case. One morning, as I sat listlessly gazing from the window, Bella hastily entered the room, and having closed the door with an unnecessary amount of force, exclaimed, 'It is very provoking for us to be kept shut up here for you, with your deceitful ways. Papa will surely never again hold you up as an example to me; better be the flirt he calls me than act in such a deceitful way as you have done, and all for a mere gambling scribbler!'

"'Bella; how dare you!' I exclaimed, starting to my feet. 'He is no gambler; and as for you calling him a scribbler, I would beg to inform you it was some of his so called scribbling you were in such ecstacies about the other evening!'

"On hearing this, she looked rather crestfallen; but taking no notice of the latter part of my sentence, she replied to the former, by saying, 'You cannot prove he has given up gambling, even for the past year. It would be far wiser not to trust him; and as for his being true to you for two whole years, and never seeing you once—oh, it is too ridiculous! In one year he will have forgotten you are on the earth!"

"'He did not do so during the past year,' I replied, 'and it would be no great stretch of charity to believe him likely to act in the future as he has done in the past.'

"'Exactly; he has gambled before, and will gamble again,' retorted Bella; and my father at that moment entering the room, put a stop to the conversation.

"Bella and I were naturally as unlike each other in every respect as it is possible for you to imagine. We had no thought or feeling in common; and of course, recent events were in no way likely to exercise any magnetic influence.

"I do not think I was ever more lonely than at that time. My father, although not unkind, was still cold in his manner towards me, which of course I did not feel the less from the consciousness of having merited it; and Bella was for ever grumbling at me as the cause, of our not, as usual, going to town in the Spring, my father having so arranged it, as more likely to prevent any chance meeting between Ernest and me.

"The Spring, the Summer, and part of the Autumn had passed without bringing any change, when at last, after much entreating on Bella's part, my father yielded a reluctant consent to our going to the seaside for some weeks; but he insisted that it should not be to any of the fashionable places, but to a small secluded village of his own choice. At this, Bella demurred not a little, calling it at best but the least of two evils.

"One morning, when we had been about a fortnight at W——, we went to pay a visit to our old school friend, Ella Bruce, now Mrs. Mayfield. Her brother, Captain Bruce, being then living with her, was riding home with us; and while Bella and he were laughing and talking of some frolic of by-gone days, I was dreamily watching an approaching phaeton drawn by two of the prettiest ponies I had ever seen. So much engrossed was I with them, that not until the phaeton had almost passed did I observe the occupants. They were Ernest Irwin and a lady, beautiful—oh, how beautiful she was! and what a shower of ringlets fell about her lovely face! For an instant I met his eyes; the next he had raised his hat to Captain Bruce, and passed. How was I to interpret this? What could it mean? Alas! I was not long kept in ignorance, Captain Bruce, not supposing we knew Ernest, said, after answering some trifling remark made by Bella, regarding the subject they had been talking of, 'That is Ernest Irwin, the author of the little volume of poems, and of the novel lately published. He is newly married. It is a marriage that I do not understand; the lady, who is a friend of Ella's, has, I know, been long charmed with the handsome author; but not until within the last few weeks, three at most, could the nicest observer have detected anything of the lover in his manner towards her—and lo! they are married.'

"How I retained my seat on my horse, as with bated breath I listened to this short detail, I know not. I have no recollection of how we got home; and for long weeks after I was confined to my bed. When I was again able to leave my room, I was told of Bella's engagement to Captain Bruce, and that the marriage was to take place early in the Spring, that she might accompany him to India.

"As soon as I could bear the fatigue of traveling, we returned home, and the preparations for the bridal were commenced. Oh, it was a sad time for me! What a contrast her happiness was to my blighted hopes!—although I feared she did not give the true, noble-hearted man she was so soon to call husband, one particle more of love than she had already bestowed on at least a score of others—certainly not one tithe of the concentrated devotion I had lavished on him who had deserted me. Oh the hopeless, weary unrest of that Winter—its cheerless days and sleepless nights, when I lay tossing to and fro, with the ceaseless wailing of 'Ernest, oh Ernest, why, why did you deceive me? I trusted you so! swelled my heart almost to bursting.

"At last the Winter was past, and Spring again beautified the earth. Bella was married, and away. Your papa and mamma had also left us, although they had lingered longer than they had at first intended, in hopes of being able to persuade me to return with them: but I saw they pitied me: and that, in my present state of mind, was even more galling than Bella's sneers and taunts.

"Five years had gone since the night I first met with Ernest Irwin in the arbor, and, notwithstanding the changes they had brought, I had never yet been able to resist the temptation of visiting it on New Year's Eve came round; and the fourth anniversary again found me wading through the snow, that I might spend the twilight with its hallowed precincts: but, as I put my foot on its threshold, a slight scream burst from my lips, and I turned to fly, when my steps were arrested by the cry of, 'Oh Milly, do not leave me! I am dying!'

"I do not know that I could have resisted the first appeal uttered in that voice—certainly not the latter. The next moment I was by his side, and his arm had stolen around me.

"'Your wife, Ernest, your wife!' I cried, as I shudderingly drew myself from his feeble clasp.

"'Is dead,' he replied; and at that moment the full moon rose high over the trees, throwing its light on his face, and showing but too truly that he also was dying—I felt it then: and with a calmness at which I have never ceased to wonder, I again approached him, and drawing his head down on my shoulder, I smoothed back the hair from his forehead, and looking into his eyes, I said, 'Ernest, oh Ernest, you love me still?'

"'I have always done so,' he replied, very quietly, and again our lips met in a long, lingering kiss, as they had done five years before.

"There was a long silence, and then he drew from his pocket a crumpled letter, and smoothing it out, asked me if I could see to read it. I carried it to the door, and after a few minutes returned, and handing it to him, I said, 'I never saw that letter before; but the writing is Bella's. Was it that which parted us?'

"'It was,' he replied. 'It almost maddened me, Milly; and ere it was three weeks in my possession I was married.'

"'Oh Ernest,' said I, 'it was a sad return for all my trust in you to let those few lines, which were without signature, divide us.'

"'Until I came back here, I never even dreamed of their being other than your own,' he replied; 'but somehow to-night the conviction that they were not, was very strong—so strong as to bring me to this spot; but I do not know if it will carry me back again: but you will let me lean on your arm, Milly, my beloved.' "

"I could not answer him, but I held out my arm, and with tottering steps we reached his childhood's home. For several moments we stood on its threshold, locked in each other's arms, and then we were parted for ever.

"He sleeps in yonder quiet graveyard, Florry; and it is there I now go every New Year's Eve."

FOR GOOD HEALTH.

Every twenty-four hours the human body loses no small amount of heat by radiation from the surface during perspiration. But contrary to what might seem probable at first thought, this loss is oftener advantageous than otherwise.

In this way an escape-pipe, so to speak, is provided for the human mechanism; and just as the escape-pipe of a steam engine is self-regulating, so, fortunately, the radiation of heat from the surface of the body is under control of the nervous system.

When the fact is made apparent to the nerve-centres that the temperature of the body is getting too high, notice is immediately sent along the nerves to open wider the blood-vessels at the surface of the body; with the result that the blood flows nearer the surface, the sweat-glands are stimulated to increased action, more water is excreted by them, and with the water goes off the heat.

Since it is by this means largely that the superfluous heat of the body in health as well as in disease is got rid of, it is clearly very important, especially at this time of the year, that the pores of the skin should never be allowed to become clogged.

With the increased amount of dust in the atmosphere, and its natural propensity for adhering to the perspiring body, the daily bath becomes more of a necessity during the summer months than at any other time of the year. One should take great care, however, that the bodily temperature is reduced as nearly as possible to normal before the bath is taken. If the temperature be somewhat high and the body perspiring freely the danger of taking cold will be increased, by reason of the sudden congestion of the blood in the dilated vessels at the surface of the body.

Much of the advantage to be derived from sea-bathing will be lost unless the crusts of salt that form in the pores of the skin on the evaporation of the water are removed by subsequent brisk toweling or fresh water sponging.

Not only is the perspiration an efficient means of removing superfluous heat, but by this same channel go out many of the waste products of the body. These waste products are always relatively increased in the summer months, and so it is doubly important that during this trying season we should keep the skin in a healthy and cleanly condition.

To BEAT CARPETS: Use matting; for coolness it beats carpets. To make a window blind: Fill it up with bricks and mortar. To prevent the creaking of a door: [illegible]. To obtain sleep: Have nothing but "nodding" acquaintances. To keep up your spirits: Place the decanters on the roof of the house.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A peculiar accession of calamitous events in a single household occurred recently in Elmira. The mother of the household was sick unto death; the father, a motorman on a street car, was struck at a crossing and died from his injuries, and while the undertaker was embalming the body a little nephew drank of the embalming fluid and his life was despaired of.

The Prefects in the several French Departments have issued orders to the various schools, dating from the 1st of January, enforcing that all drinking water supplied to the pupils shall be boiled, and that the cleansing of the floors, desks, etc., of the school rooms be no longer done with dry dusters and brooms, but with moist cloth, to prevent the spread of dust. Once a week a thorough cleansing is to be carried out with an antiseptic.

The steam city railroads of London earn only $73,000 a mile, while those of New York city earn $600,000 a mile per annum. The New York railroads carry a far larger number of passengers, and run quicker and make more stops than the London roads. In New York it takes 12 to 15 seconds for the people to get into and out of the cars, but in London it takes about 30 seconds, although the cars in London have side doors, which are supposed to afford greater facilities for the ingress and outgo of passengers.

Hair-dyeing is becoming general among the laboring people of England—not from motives of vanity, but under the spur of necessity. Working-women, and even men, it appears, are given to decorating themselves in this way as a matter of necessity, and in order to earn their living. Gray hair looks aged, and suggests inefficiency; or perhaps it does not, for some other reason, satisfy the fancy of critical customers; consequently it is not in favor with employers. Hair-dyeing has therefore become an established custom among persons seeking employment.

A German paper states that in consequence of the considerable increase in the number of youthful criminals in Germany between 12 and 18 years of age the Imperial Ministry of the Interior at Berlin is contemplating the re-organization of the compulsory educational system. The Government has in view the imitation of English institutions. All the German laws, our Berlin correspondent points out, have the great fault that the interference of the authorities is permitted only when a child has committed some crime; but they give no handle against morally debased children who are still free from crime. The number of youthful criminals has risen 10 per cent. in one year.

The most unique proposition for the suppression of the "tramp," of whom so much has been written since the Commonweal movement was inaugurated, comes from E. Hofer, a California philosopher. Mr. Hofer proposes to organize "tramp communities," in which the professional tramp shall be subject to vigorous law, the first of which is work. Deprived of citizenship and freedom, the inhabitants of such "tramp[illegible]" will be forced to solve by means of hoe and spade the problem of his own living. Intoxicants and tobacco are to be unknown quantities, while regular bathing and cleanly attire will be rigidly enforced. The proposition provides for State and county control of the tramp communities.

A novel feature at the Military Tournament is a collie used for carrying despatches. The dog would scarcely have scored anything in, say, the open class for rough-haired collies at the Kennel Club or Collie Club Shows, but it was evidently an animal brimful of intelligence, a quality which dogs accustomed to the show bench may sometimes be rather lacking in. Collies, as a matter of fact, are now used quite extensively for military purposes, and a number of foreign regiments have their collies, just as the Twenty-third has its goat, though with much more practical objects in view. The collie may not be slow to find his way home, like the pigeon, at long range, but for short messages, and when he knows the way to his beloved master, he is a "homer."

The mysterious ancestry of the prehistoric tribes of Mexico and of Central America has frequently been ascribed to far off Polynesia; but now, for the first time, a seemingly convincing proof of this theory has been presented. The native calendar, found only in Central America and the southern half of Mexico, has been identified by Professor Cyrus Thomas with the calendar of the Polynesians and Melanesians. Hitherto it had been thought to be without a parallel in the entire world. With the single exception of the division of the year in the native American calendar into months of twenty days, the two systems agree in every essential feature. The symbols for the various days, such as the shark, wind, rain, dog and lizard, are found to have been the same, at least linguistically. As the American tribes using the calendar embraced seven different linguistic stocks, the calendar could not have been an ethnic invention. Since the days of Quatrefages so much new light has been shed upon anthropology that it is now within probability that the dolmen bearers of Japan and of Peru and the pyramid builders of Central America belong to the same family as those of Central Asia.

NOT LEAP YEAR.—The year of our Lord nineteen hundred will not be counted among leap years. The year is three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours and forty-nine minutes long; eleven minutes are taken every year to make the year three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter days long, and every fourth year we have an extra day. This was Julius Cæsar's arrangement. And where do these eleven minutes come from? They come from the future, and are paid by omitting leap year every hundred years. But if leap year is omitted regularly every hundredth year, in the course of four hundred years it is found that the eleven minutes taken each year will not only have been paid back, but that a whole day will have been given up. So Pope Gregory XIII., who improved on Cæsar's calendar in 1582, decreed that every centurial year divisible by four should be a leap year after all. So we borrow eleven minutes each year, more than paying our borrowings back by omitting three leap years in three centurial years, and square matters by having a leap year in the four centurial year. So exact is Pope Gregory's arrangement, and the borrowing and paying back balance so closely, that we borrow more than we pay back to the extent of only one day in three thousand eight hundred and sixty-six years.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the fun[illegible] See other advertisement page.

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

HOW STEENIE WENT TO SEA.

BY M. M. W.

AT Sandycombe, where the fishing village clustered round the old black jetty under the dark cliffs at the bottom of the bay, lived little Steenie. His home was an old cottage, half of tarred boards, with an old boat stuck on end at the back, forming an outhouse, an old figure-head of a ship put up as ornament in the little garden where the cabbages grew, and the fence of which was always adorned with fishing-nets hung out to dry or to mend.

Ever since he could run alone Steenie had played about down on the beach below, toddling about the old jetty, paddling in the sea, and sailing in the pools at low water a boat which big brother Jack had carved for him with his pocket-knife, at the fire-side in winter.

Big brother Jack was Steenie's special ally and devoted playfellow, though he was a tall strapping fisher-lad himself—quite a man, in fact, he thought. But Steenie's mother was dead, and had left her little baby boy in the charge of his elder brother and his sister Bessie. Their father was a sailor on a big ship, often away for weeks together on long voyages, and Jack, Bessie, and Steenie lived together in the old cottage by the jetty, Jack going out fishing on his uncle's smack.

But there was yet someone else who must not be left out when we are telling you all about the family, for he quite formed part of it. This was an old, very wise retriever, named the Skipper. Now the Skipper had a history. One wild winter's night, a year or two before Steenie was born, Jack and his uncle had been out fishing unsuccessfully all the day, and were making for home as fast as they could in the teeth of a terrible gale.

When the faint grey dawn of day showed in the eastern horizon, and shone over the troubled raging waters, Jack, who was lying at the bows of the fishing-smack, half worn out with wet and cold, descried a wreck in the offing. A wreck it undoubtedly was, half-dismasted, and with tattered sails, drifting at the mercy of the wind and waves. Jack roused his uncle, and they succeeded in approaching the wreck not without much difficulty.

To their surprise, they found it apparently deserted. The boats were missing, and probably the crew had gone off in them. The smack was about to sheer off again, when Jack saw something run up from the hold below and spring on to the bulwarks—a black retriever dog, abandoned in the hurry of the crew's departure, who had heard their voices, and now stood barking piteously.

The uncle hesitated. It was no easy matter in such a sea—he and Jack alone—to board the wreck. To save a man's life he would have done it; but for a dog! Jack, however, would not hear of leaving the poor creature to his fate, as he stood there barking so beseechingly, imploring them to save him. Jack wrung permission from his uncle, not without much misgiving. But he was a stout handy lad, a good oar and could swim well, though that would have served him little in such a sea. With immense difficulty and great danger, he succeeded in reaching the wreck, and called to the dog. The Skipper, as they afterwards named him, understood him, and did not need asking twice. He jumped down into the boat, nearly capsizing it, and Jack rowed him back in triumph to his uncle. It was a very brave deed, though it was only a dog he saved.

They called him the Skipper, because Jack said, laughing, he was the captain of the vessel, for the captain always sticks to his ship. Besides which, he was a very wise old dog, who knew a great deal. Next to Jack, to whom he had specially attached himself, as in duty bound, the Skipper was devoted to Steenie. A better protector, a gentler playfellow, a little child never had. Bessie said she could trust Steenie anywhere when the Skipper was with him, and it was sad work with Steenie when Jack and the Skipper went to sea. In fact, it was the one grief of his little happy life; for he always wanted to go too.

He was sitting with Bessie one morning down on the rocks, when Jack came along in his seaboots and his sou'-wester oilskin cap. Steenie knew what that meant.

"I vant to go in de boat 'long o' 'ou, Duck!"

"You must wait a bit, and grow bigger, Steenie!" laughed Jack, bending down, and looking into the sunny little face.

"Steenie must take care of poor Bessie, who's all alone," said his sister, clasping him in her arms.

"Me vants to go in boat! Steenie vants to go with Dack!" he repeated. "Kipper goes with Dack," he added, looking at the old dog, who lay dozing near by, one eye on Jack's movements.

"Skipper's much older than you. You must wait a bit, my man. Then Skipper's got four legs, you only two!"

"Ou've only two!" said Steenie defiantly, as if that settled the question; and Bessie tickled him, and called him a saucy little boy.

But a great idea came into Steenie's head. He meant to have his own way, in spite of them all. He meant to go to sea.

That morning, when Bessie had laid him down in his little bed to rest, and herself had gone down to the village shop, he got up, and toddled out of the door and down to the jetty. The "Mary Ellen" lay ready to sail, but Jack and his uncle had gone back to the village for something, an no one saw or noticed the little fellow, whom they were used to see playing about, step on to the vessel, and disappear down the steps into the hold below.

When Bessie came back from her errand about dinner-time, and went upstairs to fetch Steenie down, imagine her dismay at finding his cot empty! In vain she searched the house, the garden, the shore, the village, and raised a general hue and cry: Steenie was nowhere to be found. He was far out at sea, sailing away in the "Mary Ellen."

He had hidden himself, this naughty little boy, in the hold, behind some casks, in a nest of unused sails. Here he thought he would wait till the boat was off, and then go up and tell "Dack" he had come to sea with him at last. But while he waited and waited—and it seemed a long time—the dustman came (Steenie had missed his midday nap), and he fell fast asleep.

When he woke up it was evening, and almost dark, down in the dim hold. While he was asleep someone had come and blocked up the hold with a lot of casks, for the "Mary Ellen" was not now bound on a fishing expedition, but on a voyage to the nearest port, to dispose of a cargo of barrels of salted fish. Steenie, much to his alarm, found he could not get out of his hiding-place. He was feeling very hungry and very frightened. He called for Jack several times, but of course no one heard his little voice down below them. Steenie then began to cry. It grew darker and darker, and he heard rats scuttling about in the dark. Steenie howled with terror.

His uncle asleep on deck, and Jack busy at the helm, did not hear him above the noise of the freshing breeze and the rush of the tide against the gunwale. But someone else did; and someone else had a nose. He scented Steenie out, and he began scratching against the lid over the steps down to the hold, and attracted Jack's attention.

"He wants to get at the rats," said he, lifting up the trap door; and down sprang the Skipper.

Steenie, his fists in his eyes, was sobbing as if his heart would break, when suddenly he felt a cold nose on his face, a woolly coat rubbing his cheek. The next minute, with a cry of joy, his arms were round the Skipper.

* * * * * *

"Bless his little heart!" cried Bessie, half-laughing, half-crying, as she seized Steenie and hugged him when Jack brought him back next day, safe and sound. "He might ha' been starved to death, or ied o' fright, but for the dog!"

"Good old Skipper!" said Jack, patting the Skipper's rough head.

"Me don't vant to go to sea not no more!" remarked Steenie, shaking his curly locks.

NOTES ON BIRD LIFE.—What is called the leg of a bird is really the foot, and birds walk only upon their t es. It seems a wonder to some that birds do not fall from the perch even in sleep. There is a special muscle that holds the toes, and the bending of the knee joint drawn this muscle tight, thus making it impossible for it to lose its hold. The female is accredited with highly æsthetic tastes, choosing her male companion for his beauty. The bird's beak is of interest, taking the place as it does of both hand and mouth. The eye is the most wonderful of all. It is a combination of both microscope, and telescope, with an automatic combination that is marvellous. There is a great deal of humanity in birds. Their lives are full of anxiety, toil, and care. We must remember that every mouthful of their food must be captured. The labor of supplying food for a hungry nestful of children is no joke, even to a bird.

Nothing is more underrated than the individuality of birds. Birds differ in characteristics and mental habits. Those who study them will be able to tell one robin from another by little tricks of manner or by voice. There can be no question about birds having a language of their own. The language of some savage races of men is very like in sound to the language of birds. The first recognized duty of a nursling is said to be the arrangement of its plumage by means of the little oil gland or caw, secreted on the body just above the tail. Nature has been lavish in her dress of birds. What is more beautiful or wonderful than the feathers that cover them? Each feather can be lifted individually and independently of another. This beautiful dress requires care, and the bird smoothe and brightens it with the oil from the oil sack.

IN THE SULKS.

BY G.

NOW, Charlie dear, don't be cross. You will spoil everything if you go away and sulk by yourself, and we shall not like to play if you will not play with us," said Letty to her brother.

"They should play fair," said Charlie, shaking Letty's hand off his shoulder.

"Oh, it is all fair. They are only having a little bit of fun with you."

"I don't call it fun for Nora to put her hand in my pocket when I was blind man, and take away my paper of lemon drops. And when Bob was blind man he could see all the time, and he never went after anyone but me. He hunted me into the corners, and made me fall over the stools and chairs. He could see all the time, and he held me fast while Nora put her hand in my pocket. No, it's no use, Letty; I'm not going to play with them."

"But, Charlie dear, they were only in fun. Bob was very sorry when you fell down; and I know Nora is going to give you the lemon drops."

"I don't like them. They are not nice cousins. You and Freda and Arthur may play with them, but I shall not." And Charlie marched towards the door.

"Charlie, Charlie, come here!" called out Nora. "It's your turn to be blind man."

But Charlie took no notice.

Nora ran after him, and held his arms fast.

But Charlie shook her off as he had done Letty, and went out of the room, banging the door after him.

"There," said Letty, "he's gone."

"What for?" said Nora.

"Why," said Arthur, "it's because you and Bob teased him; and Charlie can't bear being teased."

"Oh dear! I did not mean to make him vexed. I was going to put the lemon drops back into his pocket when he was blind man."

And Nora sat down, looking very grave.

"He'll go and tell my aunt, and she'll think we are naughty, rude children," said Bob.

"No, he won't," said Letty. "Charlie never tells tales."

"Oh dear!" said Nora again.

Then she jumped up, and ran out of the room. She found Charlie sitting by the fire, leaning his head against the high fender.

Nora went softly on tiptoe behind him, and, putting her hand on his arm, said—

"I beg your pardon, Charlie. I am sorry I took the lemon drops, but I did not mean to keep them."

Charlie looked up, and saw the tears in Nora's eyes.

"I am so sorry, so very sorry," she said.

"So am I," said Charlie, jumping up. "I was silly to get angry. I will go back."

Letty was surprised to see Charlie and Nora marching in hand hand.

And Charlie said—

"Nora's put it all right. I've come back to play with you all."

"You're very good, Charlie," said Bob. "I beg your pardon for teasing you. I ought not to have looked all the time I was blind man."

"And I won't mind being teased another time," said Charlie.

A LADY pianist, on being called upon for a dead march, asked a satirical professor of music what dead march she should play; to which he replied, "Any march that you may play will be a dead one, for you are sure to murder it." The man must have been a perfect monster.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The Russian Imperial crown is valued at $6 000 000

A resident of Indiana sold his vote for $1 last May, and is now suing his purchasers for $300 and costs. This is permissible under the Indiana law.

A New York undertaker displays, among other funeral emblems, a clock made of immortelles. The timepiece bears the inscription, "The sad hour."

Dr. Ransom, of New York, in a paper read before the Prison Congress, asserted that 70 per cent. of the deaths in New York prisons were from consumption.

One of the praiseworthy acts of the Massachusetts Legislature this session is the enactment of a law intended to put a stop to the practice of docking horses' tails.

An alligator killed at Sand Beach, near Shreveport, Louisiana, recently, was found to contain, it is reported, three pigs, a lamb and the remains of a negro boy.

Among the numerous presents sent to the young sons of the Emperor of Germany are three bears from Count Douglas, one of the wealthiest noblemen of the Empire.

President Eliot, of Harvard, in a recent address, advised students to thus apportion their day: Study, 10 hours; sleep, 8; exercise, 2; social duties, 1, and meals, 3 hours.

A New England seminary has adopted the following college cry: Who, who, who, who, who, who, who, who, zippe rirour; Hi yi, hi yi, zip pom, love hamyah, bombah, sip zip, '94."

A wild goose captured by James H. Sturgeon, in Nevada, recently, had attached to its leg a thin piece of brass, with this inscription: Fremont party, September, 1849. B. B. J.

A course of lectures on atheism was recently announced in Paris. When the hour for the first lecture arrived the audience was found to consist of one person, an Englishman

The young women students of Barnard College, New York, have formed a Self-Government Committee, which proposes, among other reforms, to stop unnecessary talking

In order to beautify country stations an English lady sends presents of seeds and cuttings from her conservatory to all the station masters on the line over which she travels from her country home.

Cats are being extensively used in New Zealand for the destruction of rabbits. The owners of one estate are so pleased with the efficacy of the new cure that they have given an order for 500 cats.

A calf was tied to a fence at Hazard, Ky., the other day, near where W. T. Drake had hung his coat, and the animal managed to chew up $216 in notes, checks and bank bills out of one of the pockets.

The ramie fibre is tough and wears well. It is said in China, where it is used for making clothing, it lasts so well that children frequently wear the clothes which their grandparents wore when children.

John Hudlum, janitor of the Chicago Board of Trade building, was born a slave, and died the other day worth $80,000, most of it made by carefully gathering and selling to feed stores the waste grain left on the floors.

Lord Rosebery has sent to the Prince of Wales one of the shoes worn by his race horse Ladas on the occasion of the recent winning of the Derby. Another of the shoes has been sent by Lord Rosebery to United States Ambassador Bayard.

A blast of 1100 pounds of dynamite in 27 holes was made recently at a quarry near Providence, R. I., blowing off the face of a cliff and dislodging about 10,000 tons of stone, some of the blocks weighing nearly 25 tons. The holes were 20 feet deep.

The Hessian fly is so called because it was supposed to have been brought from Germany during the revolutionary war in wheat imported for the use of the Hessian mercenaries in the British army. It has traveled west at the rate of 15 or 20 miles a year.

Young Jesse Dowlin, of Downington, Pa., was discharged from a mill where he was working, one day lately, as it was thought the position was too dangerous. He went home and within a few hours had fallen from a cherry tree and broken his shoulder.

The proprietor of a hotel at Abilene, Kansas, keeps a pile of wood on hand to keep tramps from begging a meal from him. When one of the idle gentry appears he points to the wood pile and informs him that it requires one hour's work on it to secure a meal.

A bill now before the Massachusetts Legislature prohibits the use of the word color or colored, as applied to persons, in any official record of birth, death or marriage, when so requested by the applicant. The intention is to wipe out every shade of difference between the races.

Sir Isaac Pitman, though nearly 90, is still busy disseminating knowledge of his shorthand system and in advocating his pet project for a reform in English orthography. He writes all his letters in seemingly uncouth spelling, of which the following is a sample: Eni day nekst week ekcept Munday, and eni our between 40 and 1 or between 3 and 6."

FRIENDSHIP.

What is friendship? I will tell you:
Eyes that weep for other's wrongs,
Shoulders bearing others' burdens,
Lips repeating others' songs.

Friendship is a chain, embracing
Rich and poor, and young and old;
Even the beggar child may fondly
Touch in awe its links of gold.

Friendship is the heart's devotion
By warm, loving acts confess'd,
Thinking trials only pleasures,
If they give a loved one rest.

Friendship is a sweet compassion
When brave courage is unman'd,
Asking naught, but trusting fully,
Quick to soothe and understand.

TO ESCAPE JUSTICE.

In the unending strife between law-breakers and the law, numberless exciting incidents occur. Tricks to evade detection and punishment supply a large quota, and they often interest as much when they break down as when they succeed. Sometimes a dramatic failure of a clever plan of escape has a flavor of humor equal to that of many a comic episode in fiction.

There was a recent case in a pretty suburban village of England. A young artilleryman who had to face punishment for overstepping his leave determined on desertion. He managed to get away from the sergeant and escort sent to effect his arrest. But his time for scheming was short; he had only an hour's start from the moment he disappeared into some obscure burrow to the amusing denouement. During that interval he was searched for in vain in every likely direction.

Then the party gave it up, and were returning to the railway station. It was a matter for marvel how a man could vanish so completely and cover up his traces so well. But a lady with a veil was crossing a foot-bridge over the line a short distance in front, and a fancy struck the sergeant. Something in build and gait seemed familiar. For a woman the figure, too, was of remarkably fine proportions.

It was a daring experiment, and a charge of insult might have been brought if the guess that led to it had been a blunder. But the officer manœuvred to intercept the "lady," and with quick fingers lifted the veil. He was right. It was his missing man, overtaken at the least expected moment, and splendidly disguised through the offices of a woman who kept an old clothes shop.

A fiasco of attempted substitution has lately called the attention of Parisians to one of the queerest of queer industries established in their midst. It seems to be possible to hire a deputy culprit who shall go to prison in the name and character of his employer, while, like Brer Rabbit, that individual "lies low" somewhere.

A coal merchant came up for sentence for assault and battery, and was supposed to be relegated to seclusion for a term of three months. But a secret message reached the police authorities—they had better be sure that the actual offender was in their hands. On this discreet inquiry was made, and it turned out that the coal-merchant was still at large. He had engaged a penniless street-loafer for a stipend of two francs a day to go to the cells for him, and though it would appear that the chances of completing the substitution were small, yet, as a matter of fact, every difficulty had been surmounted and the sham prisoner was in the course of fulfilling his contract. But some enemy had ruined his handy way of serving time in gaol.

The "deputy" was at once released, and his paymaster put in his place, with an extended sentence of two years. It was subsequently found that this trick was not attempted in a solitary case. The suspicion arose that a private Bureau of Substitution might exist.

A police officer who lost his prisoner during transit from Chicago to a town in Indiana had only himself to blame. He was wearied out and went soundly off into slumber once they were in the train. He had taken the precaution of handcuffing the unwilling traveler to himself, and perhaps he supposed this was enough.

But he had to deal with a man of resource, with nimble wits and nimble fingers. The thief extracted the key of the handcuffs from the detective's pocket, undid the iron rings, and stealthily relocked them on the officer alone. He stole all the unconscious man's money and left the car at the first station. Then there was an awakening, and chagrin and consternation, but faint hope of a recapture.

Accomplices now and then play a part in these dramas of attempted or realized escape. A singular instance was brought under public notice several years back at Leeds. After patient search an arrest of a Leeds man who had absconded was made at Bogen, in Austria. But before extradition could take place he was set free. This was on the strength of a message purporting to be wired from the Public Prosecutor at Leeds to the Imperial District Court of Justice in the Austrian provinces.

But the whole thing was an artifice. A girl sixteen years of age was charged at the police-court with sending the forged telegram, and acquitted because it plainly appeared that she had been a tool in others' hands. The daring trick had effected its purpose.

In the diamond fields thieves are fertile in schemes to escape, and, if possible, to carry off their booty. The ingenuity of a Dutchman contrived one of the most striking ruses on record. He had stolen diamonds, was followed, and knew it. Out on the plain he was seen to shoot one of the bullocks of his team, and when the Kimberley police came up he was skinning the animal. An exhaustive search was made, but the lost gems were not found.

The officers rode away in disgust. Then the phlegmatic face almost smiled. The rogue had loaded his gun with the diamonds, and had now only to recover them from the body of his beast.

WITHIN a short time Peking will be united by wire with St. Petersburg; and, in consequence, with the telegraph system of the entire civilized world. According to the latest issue of the Turkestan Gazette, the telegraph line from Peking has been brought as far west as the city of Kashgar. The European end of the line is at Osh, and a small stretch of about 140 miles now alone breaks the direct telegraphic communication from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Grains of Gold.

Time is an island in Eternity.

Long prayers shorten devotion.

Words are the overcoats of ideas.

Better to lead time than to be driven by it.

The fast liver is generally a slow payer.

It is impossible to read without profiting by it.

A stingy soul is to be pitied for its littleness.

A heart full of love will make a life full of joy.

Stinginess and economy are not akin to each other.

A happy fireside is better than a big bank account.

A lie in business is as black as it is anywhere else.

He who is big in his own eyes is small in other people's.

He who never drives his work is always driven by it.

What a miserable aim has he who lives for himself alone.

Incredulity robs us of many pleasures, and gives nothing in return.

Opportunities are bald behind. You must catch them by the forelock.

Plant a crop of good books in your home as regularly as you do seed in your soil, and when you get old you will not regret it.

Femininities.

A waist of good material—The average girl's.

Contentment will make a cottage look as fair as a palace.

The typewriter girl who asked her employer for a new sealskin coat got the sack.

Miss Ellen Fox, of Brooklyn, dislocated her lower jaw while yawning, a few nights ago.

A tax collector of Quincy, Ill., who has been accused of embezzlement, is named Schwindler.

James Wood and Miss Mary Stewart were recently married near Youngstown, Ohio, after a courtship of but two hours.

A Brooklyn judge having decided that front step courtship is legal, the lovers of that State should take steps to make the most of it.

After surviving 38 days without a particle of nourishment, Miss Mary Dissler, of Reading, died recently. She was conscious to the last.

There is said to be but one woman lawyer in all Spain, Manuella y Palido, of Madrid, and even she is nearly half man in her front name.

Clara: "Do you believe in the doctrine of every man for himself?"
May: "No; I believe that it should be every man for some girl."

Charles Menges, of Stevensville, Montana, whose wife died recently, was married almost immediately after to his deceased wife's granddaughter.

Fans are smaller this year than heretofore, in graceful acknowledgement of the fact, doubtless, that it is harder to raise the wind than it used to be.

A New York man, versed in languages, says that he heard ten different tongues spoken while walking across Brooklyn bridge one day lately.

"Do you take this man for better or for worse?" asked the minister.
"I can't tell until I have had him a little while," returned the bride.

Husband: "What a sad face that woman has!"
Wife: "Yes, poor thing! She has either loved and lost or loved and got him."

Little Dot: "Oh, I'd give anything if I was old enough to have a husband!"
Mamma: "Mercy me! Why?"
Little Dot: "I'm so tired of being petted."

"Mr. Dawson is a lovely man," said Miss Wellon. "I told him I was 23 years old, and the dear thing said I didn't look it."
"Well, you don't," said Miss Porte; "you look 32."

The "oldest Freemason" has all times and countries for his own. In England he is Rev. Sir John Warren Hayes, of Bearwood, Berkshire, who has been a member of the Order for 75 years.

Miss Gushey: "Mr. Dewdrop, when you were introduced last night you certainly looked familiar."
Mr. Dewdrop: "Don't be alarmed; I am very reserved as a matter of fact."

Miss Melle Stanleyetta Titus has successfully passed the examination which permits her to practice law in New York city. She is said to be the first woman engaged in that profession in New York.

Jonathan Thayer, who, with his wife, celebrated their diamond wedding anniversary on April 8th, died a few days ago in his 86th year. His widow, who is 86 years old, and four children survive him.

Papa: "Are you sure that you and mama thought of me while you were away?"
Little Grace: "Yes; we heard a man just scolding awful about his breakfast, and mama said, 'That's just like papa.'"

Mrs. Mary Greene, who celebrated her 102d birthday recently at North Kingston, Rhode Island, has lived for over 75 years in her present home, which is within two miles of the house in which she was born.

Mrs. Eva M. Blackman is one of the rising young women of Leavenworth, Kansas. She gets up early enough every morning to edit a Populist paper before attending to her duties as Police Commissioner of that city.

Tommy: "What is a special providence?"
Tommy's father: "It occurs when some other fellow is the victim of a misfortune which otherwise might have happened to oneself."

Newcom: "I hear Scribbler's wife had him arrested for assault. What was the row about?"
Dobbin: "She took exception to certain passages in his latest book, 'How to Make Home Happy,' and he threw a chair at her."

According to a Russian journal there is now living at Saratof, in good health, a Frenchman named Nicolas de Savin, who was born at Paris in 1768, witnessed with his own eyes the horrors of the Revolution, took part in the Egyptian expedition, fought at Austerlitz and Jena, and received the Legion of Honor for a wound incurred at Saragossa.

Masculinities.

Watch the man who flatters you.

Man was given brains for a purpose; but some never find this out.

Each voter in Hawaii must speak the language fluently and be worth $1000.

The tongue of a fool is the key of his council, which in a wise man wisdom hath in keeping.

A man never knows what he can do until he tries; and then, afterward, he is often very sorry that he found out.

A wheelman of Moline, Ill., died from the rupture of an abdominal artery, caused by over-exertion on the bicycle.

A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent and an ounce of energy.

At Red Cliff, Colorado, a woman candidate for mayor was defeated at a recent election largely by the votes of her townswomen.

Rev. E. E. Willey, a Sedalia, Mo., clergyman who lately umpired a game of base ball, has been expelled from his local Chautauqua Circle.

Others will judge you, not by what you can be, but by what you are; but you must judge yourself, not by what you are, but what you can be.

Prince Bismarck, who uses champagne by order of his physician, drinks it directly from the bottle, when at home, without the intervention of a glass.

She: "You would be the last man in the world I'd fall in love with."
He: "That's all I'd ask. I don't want you to love anybody after me."

Never bear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people bear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.

The oldest members of the French Cabinet are M. Dupuy and M. Delcasse, and they are only 41. The Minister of Public Works is the youngest, being 31.

Mrs. Catharine Salisbury, a sister of the Mormon prophet, Joseph Smith, who was killed by a mob at Carthage, Ill., June 27, 1844, is still living near Fountain Green, Ill.

A New York man who became rich keeping a saloon, used to boast how much he had done for the cause of temperance by mixing at least a gallon of pure water with every gallon of liquor he sold.

Jaquero Romano, a young Russian resident of Harlem, New York, has invented a chemical process by which he says almost any fabric folded to the thickness of an inch can be made bullet-proof.

William Armstrong, of Norwalk, O., who died recently at the age of 98 years and 4 months, left six daughters and one son, and grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great great-grandchildren to the fifth generation.

Eugene V. Debs, of whom so much is being said in connection with the Pullman boycott, was a clerk in his father's store in Terre Haute, Ind., before he became a railway fireman. He is still a young man, not having reached his 40th year.

J. Frank Hanley, the Republican candidate for Congress in the Ninth Indiana District, was sawing and splitting wood for 75 cents a day, 15 years ago, in Warren county, Indiana, and attending school evenings, for the first time in his life.

"Chinner is a great talker, isn't he?"
"He is."
"Wouldn't you like to know as much as he knows?"
"Well, not exactly; but I would like to know as much as he thinks he knows."

Sir George Williams, who founded the Young Men's Christian Association in London 50 years ago, and was knighted by Queen Victoria recently, is still hale and hearty. He is president of fully 30 religious and philanthropic societies, and a director in as many more.

She: "Before I consent to marry you, John, I wish to tell you that people say I have a temper."
He: "I don't mind that."
"You don't?"
"No; all you need to do is to take care of it. Don't lose it."

A suit for divorce before a Newark, N. J., judge developed the fact that the complainant, the wife, sought divorce upon the ground that the erring husband had ceased to call her "Pet," and now invariably addressed her as "You red-headed thing." The Judge mercifully allowed the separation.

Mrs. Bowdoin, of Newark, N. J., noticed a man trying to gain an entrance to her house, and ran into the street and screamed "fire!" Some one sent out an alarm, and several engines immediately responded. When the firemen learned what had happened they hunted for the burglar and found him.

The descendants of Queen Victoria are either now in possession of, or will in the natural course of events come to occupy, seven thrones—those of the British Empire, the German Empire, the Russian Empire, the Kingdom of Greece, the Grand Duchy of Hesse, the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha and the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

A very pretty checked silk of magenta and white, is made with a plain skirt. The waist of deep magenta is covered with black mousseline de soie, with three straps at the front and back of the dress of yellowish lace. These straps are finished with tiny bows of magenta satin ribbons and little steel buckles; the sleeves are of the checked silk, finished with three bands of satin ribbon and little buckles, and the collar is of the satin ribbon.

A black and white checkered silk was trimmed with black satin narrow ribbon and white lace. On the skirt and around the sides and front were little extra pieces, which gave the waist the effect of a long basque. The waist itself was worn under the skirt, and was finished with a narrow belt of the black satin ribbon. Evidently the idea of having these pieces sewed on the skirt instead of the waist was to make them fit more smoothly over the hips, and the desired end was obtained. The waist was a little full at the shoulders, but drawn in tightly at the belt. The folds across the front were fastened down with the narrow black satin, from which fell a bertha of the lace, cut in V shape. The sleeves were full, leg o' mutton style, the only trimming being two bands of ribbon around the waist, a half inch apart.

The extreme length at which the leg-o'-mutton sleeve has been worn this season has led to the introduction of the elbow sleeve for those to whom the sleeve falling over the hand is unbecoming. These picturesque elbow sleeves, which belongs to the shepherdess fashion, are again worn in Paris with long wrinkled gloves, which reach to their edge.

The dominant sleeve is developing possibilities of expansion which are really alarming when seven yards of material can be used in one pair. Two immense balloons are not enough, it seems. There must be frills over frills and puffs over puffs to make the deformity more complete. Even the plain, unassuming mutton-leg sleeve has taken to drapery. Ribbon and lace are employed to make fancy sleeves, which are useful to freshen up an old gown for house wear. The large puff at the top can be of lace, and over this are straps of black satin ribbon caught in above the elbow with a twist of ribbon. The puffs at the elbow may be of satin or velvet. A pretty sleeve for summer silks is full to the cuff, and over this is a wide fall of lace. The full epaulet of silk is bound on the edge with velvet, and underneath this is a wire to make the plaits stand out. Another style which gives the long effect to the shoulder has one puff, a double frill at the elbow, and a plain cap arrangement at the top.

Linen gowns, coats and skirts is the cry we hear repeated by one and all just now, or, as it is sometimes called, "duck" and "flax"—everything makes way for this exceedingly light, useful material, for the most simple gowns and for the most elaborate. Linen is the rage, and will continue to be as long as the warm summer days last. It looks cool, smart and fresh. Some of the most delicate and choice shades of this material may be seen within the establishments of the great tailors, where one is always sure to find all that is the most stylish and unique. For yachting and seaside wear this is the typical thing, being perfectly unshrinkable. Neither the sun nor the sea can affect it in the slightest.

Some of the colors have a remarkably soft and delicate tint, that one would hardly expect to find in linen material; for instance, there is a beautiful shade of brown used for the Boulogne fishing smack. This is a most favored color, being one that is very becoming. Others there are, too, which are most original, such as robin's egg blue, ecru and old-rose pink. The brown and old-rose pink, when made up together, form an extremely tasteful and novel combination. The ecru seems to be an immense success, judging from the demands for that and navy blue, which is also a very popular color. The brown and the robin's egg blue are preferred by brunettes, and it is noticeable how ecru and pink are worn by blondes.

A new dress is an exceedingly novel and tasteful arrangement composed of ecru linen. The skirt, which has only a moderate flare, is cut away at the bottom on either side in diamond shape, showing beneath an underskirt of the same color. The close-fitting waist has a flare basque all round, and is crossed over in the front and fastened with one large fancy steel button. The basque falls slightly away at the sides and shows the least edge of the vest. The large sailor collar and revers turn back and expose to view a vest of striped blue and cream silk close fitting, and showing no fastening at all. The excessively full sleeves tighten at the elbow and widen again at the wrist, where they are crossed over with a fancy button corresponding with the one on the waist. The tie is of blue silk, and the parasol and gloves are of ecru. The vest of this extremely chic attire may be removed and a shirt waist or other vests be worn in its stead.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Cauliflowers a la Sauce Blanche.—Two cauliflowers, three ounces butter, half pint sauce blanche, salt and water. Clean the cauliflowers well, boil them till tender in salt and water, with the above proposition of butter, and be careful not to break them when taking them up; drain them well, and dish them, pour the sauce over, and serve hot and quickly.

Old House Apple Sauce.—Six pounds of apples, three pounds of white sugar, juice and grated rind of three lemons—small. Allow a little more than a teacup of water to a pound of apples (about three pints of water to six pounds of apples). Cover and stew the apples over a brisk fire about 15 minutes. Remove the cover and stir; add the lemon peel and juice, being careful to remove all seeds and the sugar; stew 15 minutes longer, stirring all the time.

Ribs of Beef Rolled and Stuffed.—Make a nice forcemeat out of four ounces of bread crumbs, two ounces of butter melted, a little grated lemon peel, a little nutmeg, pepper, salt and sweet herbs to taste. Mix all together with the yolk of one egg. Lay this forcemeat on this beef, roll up, and fasten with a skewer, and a broad piece of tape in the shape of a round. Put in dripping bath on meat and, baste frequently with butter. About twenty minutes before it is done rub it over the top with butter, dredge it with flour and brown handsomely. Remove the skewer and tape and serve with a good gravy round it.

Lemon Pie.—The juice and grated peel of three lemons, two good-sized apples, grated (or three crackers), two cups of sugar, three eggs (reserving the whites of two for the meringue) and one cup of milk. Bake half an hour in nice pie crust. When baked, cover the tops of the pies with the white of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Smooth it over with a knife, and set it in the oven to brown.

Black Cake.—One pound each of flour, butter and sugar, nine eggs, two pounds of currants, three pounds of raisins, one pound of citron, three tablespoonfuls each of cloves, cinnamon, mace and nutmeg, one glass of wine, one glass of brandy, teacup and a half of molasses. Brown the flour in the oven very slightly before using. Bake in deep pans in a moderate oven between three and four hours.

Lemon Creams.—Pare two lemons thinly and throw the yellow peel into six tablespoonfuls of water; squeeze the juice of a lemon over a quarter of a pound of sugar. Beat the yolks of five eggs thoroughly; add the peel, water and juice gradually to them, and strain through cheese cloth into a saucepan. Stir always one way until it thickens, but do not let it boil. Serve in custard cups. Wet the cheese cloth before using it to strain the juice through.

Bacon and Eggs.—Bacon and poached eggs, if correctly cooked and served, make a breakfast dish which will tempt even the most capricious appetite. Care should be taken in selecting the bacon. Choose bacon of medium size, with the fat and lean quite distinct in coloring. The lean should be pink and the fat white. If the lean looks streaked the bacon will probably be hard or tough. In cutting the rashers from a piece of bacon cut in the same way as slices of bread off a loaf. A sharp knife or a small carver should be used, and with a little practice the rashers can be cut with unerring precision from top to bottom of the joint, fat and lean in even slices. It is much better to do this yourself than to have it cut at the grocer's.

Banana Cream Pudding.—Melt one cupful of sugar in one pint of hot milk. Mix two tablespoonfuls of corn starch with cold milk, stir it into the boiling milk, and cook fifteen minutes; add two tablespoonfuls of butter; beat the whites of three eggs stiff, stir into the thickened milk, and cook again for five minutes; turn into a deep dish to cool. When ready to serve, cover the cream with red bananas sliced. Mix a few grains of salt with half a cupful of powdered sugar, and sprinkle this over the bananas. Serve with creams and jelly sauce made of one-quarter cupful of apple or strawberry jelly beaten into one cupful of thick cream.

Collops.—Cut part of a leg of veal into pieces three or four inches broad, sprinkle flour on them; fry them in butter until brown, and then turn in water enough to cover the veal. When it boils take off the scum, put in two or three onions, a blade of mace and a little salt and pepper. When stewed tender take up the meat, thicken the gravy with flour and water mixed smoothly together, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon and then turn it over the collops. Garnish them with a lemon cut in thin slices.

Love and Lucre.

BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

THE silvery moonlight streamed in at the open windows of a large old-fashioned room in a Southern country-house. The pale moon rays danced over the crimson carpet, the comfortable, well-worn furniture, the open piano with scattered sheets of music lying about, the books and flowers and pictures. A cosy room—a room that had a character—a room in which to dream away the long hours of an idle summer day. The same bright moonshine rested upon two people, the only inmates of the room—a young woman and a man.

She was slight and dainty, a dark-eyed, dark-haired fairy, with an air of audacity which sat charmingly upon her shoulders. He was tall and handsome, gray-eyed and brown-haired, a slight gold-brown mustache shading his upper-lip. He was unmistakably annoyed as he stood confronting the girl; and she—her dusk eyes were blazing and the small head held scornfully aloft, while the red lips parted to utter these words:

"So, Mr. Allen Grey, your summer's amusement is over, your flirtation ended, and you turn to 'fresh fields and pastures new!' I have been greatly flattered by your preference for my society; but now——" She stopped short. "It is no matter!" she added quietly. "The flirtation has only been a flirtation—that is all!"

He bit his lip, and an expression crept into his handsome eyes that Dolly Renshawe had never seen there before. She started; but her face had grown cold and reserved, and she secretly resolved to die before he should learn her weakness.

"He shall think me angry but not hurt," she thought to herself. "And indeed I have sufficient cause for anger."

Then aloud she said:

"I think it quite useless and a waste of time for you to spend any more of your valuable moments upon me. I am only a poor country girl and you are a city gentleman. Doubtless, some fair lady in th city is pining over your absence."

The red blood flashed into Allen Grey's cheek, and an expression swept over his face that looked like conscious guilt. Dolly's quick eyes marked the expression, and she knew that her suspicions had been correct. The rumors of his devotion to a lady in the neighboring city must be true.

"You had better return to her side," she said, "and I suppose I may soon expect to receive your wedding-cards. May you be as happy as you deserve!"

"Dolly—stop!"

He caught the slim brown hands in his own, and pressed his lips upon them.

"Dolly, you forget that I am not a rich man!" he cried, brokenly, "and—and I dare not ask you to be my wife, for we are both of us poor. I must marry some one with money, though it will break my heart to give you up."

"Some one with money!" the girl repeated, scornfully. "Miss Rose Marchbanks, I suppose! Oh, yes, I have heard of your devotion to her, and she is very wealthy. So, you have chosen, and—I bid you farewell, Mr. Grey."

She wrenched her hands from his grasp and turned to leave the room. His face was very pale, and his eyes were full of something that looked like tenderness.

"Dolly!"

But she never paused, never turned her head, but marched straight from the room, and the door closed behind her. Only that morning had she found out the falseness of the lie which had bound her to Allen Grey. She had learned by accident that he was betrothed to Rose Marchbanks, who lived in the city near, a well-known belle and heiress. So, with her usual impetuosity, Dolly had sought her lover's presence and had broken the frail bond between them. They had not been formally betrothed. Oh, no; but he had in every way evinced his preference for her, and Dolly had believed in his love. But that was all over and done with now.

Once outside the big, old-fashioned house where Dolly had lived all her life, she rushed down to the green tangled grounds—unkempt, untended—and threw herself down at the foot of a tree. How very dark life had suddenly become to her! All at once a groan fell upon her ears—a faint groan as of one in pain. She started up and turned in the direction from whence the sound proceeded. She found lying upon the ground a man young and handsome; he was moaning with bitter pain. Dolly bent over him.

"What is the matter, sir?" she asked.

"I have sprained my ankle, or broken it—I don't know which," he returned. "Can you assist me to arise? Can you procure assistance? I know that these are private grounds; I came here with my sister—Miss Marchbanks, of New Orleans—she has called upon Miss Renshawe. I waited for her to return to where she had left me. We were both on horseback; my horse is a wild fellow, and, becoming frightened at something, he ran away, dashed in at the open gate to these grounds, and at last managed to throw me."

"You must come to our house," said Dolly. "My mother will do everything for you. As for Miss—your sister—I have not met her. She did not call upon me, most certainly."

"There she comes, now!" exclaimed the young man, as a tall, stylishly dressed lady suddenly appeared—a real brunette beauty, with great dark eyes full of smoldering fire. She came straight up to Dolly and held out her hand.

"Miss Renshawe, you and I must be friends," she said, simply. "I called at your home just now. I had come all the way from New Orleans to prove the truth of the rumors which had reached me—the story of your engagement to Mr. Allen Grey. I reached the house; it looked so peaceful and home-like in the moonlight that I felt a dislike to going directly indoors, so I wandered around to a side-entrance. The windows of a room stood open, and—I will acknowledge the truth, Miss Renshawe—I listened. For I heard my lover's voice, and saw Allen Grey and you together, and in a moments I was convinced that the reports that had reached me were all too true. He had been making love to you while he passed his vacation in this quiet place. And so he declares that he must marry a rich woman, though his heart is full of love for another. Miss Renshawe, he will never marry me, and I have just seen him and told him so!"

"Between two loves" Allen Grey "fell to the floor."

By the time that young Marchbanks had fully recovered—nursed back to health by Mrs. Renshawe and Dolly—he had made up his mind that there was only one woman on earth for him, and Dolly reciprocated the sentiment. The wedding took place in due time, and Dolly has never regretted the accident which brought about the unmasking of a false lover. Between love and lucre, Allen Grey is bankrupt.

AN OLD SONG.—How many of the myriads who in childhood have sung "There is a happy land, far, far away," knew anything of its writer? His name is Andrew Young, and he is now eighty years of age, still mentally and physically vigorous, and retaining in all its early freshness his sympathy with children. The hymn was composed in 1838. The tune to which it is married is an old Indian air, which blended with the music of the woods in the primeval forest long before Sunday schools were thought of. The hymn was composed for the melody. Its bright and strongly marked phrases struck Mr. Young's musical ear the first time he heard it casually played in the drawing-room. He asked for it again and again. It haunted him. Being accustomed to relieve the clamor of his thoughts and feelings in rhyme, words naturally followed, so the hymn was created. It got into print. It has been translated into nineteen different languages. And yet the author has received, and, indeed, has never been offered, a penny in remuneration.

"Oh, dear!" sighed a little girl of this city, "I am so tired of lessons. I know what I'll do when I grow up." "What?" "I'll be a teacher." "But teachers have to study, too." "I know that. But it's so much easier to learn the questions than it is to learn the answers."

BAY RIDGE, ON THE CHESAPEAKE.

The Coney Island of the South.

The fourth excursion via B. & O. R. R. and steamer Columbia to this popular resort is announced for Sunday, July 22nd. The route is via rail to Baltimore, thence down the broad Chesapeake on the mammoth steamer Columbia, affording a view of the metropolis of the South and her vast shipping interests; Forts McHenry and Carroll, and the city of Annapolis.

First-class attractions are provided; music by military band; salt-water bathing; sailing, fishing, crabbing; don't miss the soft-crab dinner at Bay Ridge.

Special trains will leave B. & O. station, 24th and Chestnut Streets, 7.10 A. M., arrive Bay Ridge 11.45 A. M. Returning (all rail) train will leave Bay Ridge 5.30 P. M., and arrive Philadelphia 9.30 P. M. Round trip $1.50.

Remember the date, Sunday, July 22d.

ANIMALS SELDOM SEEN.

The aye aye is a peculiar little animal, and because there are so few of this family, we seldom hear of it. It is an inhabitant of the island of Madagascar in the Indian Ocean, and even there, in its native land, its relatives are few and far between. Before Sonnerat the naturalist, happened to discover this animal, the natives of Madagascar had no idea that such a creature existed; and when Sonnerat showed it to them, they were much astonished, and their exclamations of surprise are said to have given it the name of aye-aye.

This animal measures about a yard from the end of its nose to the tip of its tail, the latter measuring a half-yard alone, and always dragging; though resembling the squirrel in some respects, the tail is one of the exceptions, as it is nev r curled over the back. Naturalists class the aye-aye as forming a link between the monkey and the rodent animals. The teeth are very powerful, being deep set and sharply pointed, as those of a rat.

During the day the aye-aye is seldom seen, as it lies snugly curled up in the hollow of a tree, asleep; with its rusty brown and gray coat of fur it is almost impossible to distinguish it from the tree,—the paws, which are black, being hidden beneath its thick fur. Like the bat, it has difficulty in seeing in the daylight, but soon as night approaches the aye-aye is out in search of food. The large brownish yellow eyes appear to gather in all the light possible, but even that will not help in securing food, for the insects on which it feeds are concealed under the bark of trees, boring into the wood.

But the aye aye's ears are large and almost destitute of hair, which enables it to hear accurately and so locate the insect. Then the gnawing process commences, and in a minute the aye-aye is in possession of what it considers a dainty bite for a meal. The front paws are used for feeding, after the manner of the monkey; and also like the monkey, it makes no difference to the aye aye in what position it is, being just as comfortable hanging by its hind legs, as standing on all four feet.

The technical name cheromys, signifying "hand mouse," was given to the aye-aye because it looks like a large rat furnished with hand-like paws; but the tail is bushy.

Some of these animals have been tamed, and fed on rice, when they make excellent pets; but the scarcity of the species makes them difficult to capture.

The origin of the domestic cat is unknown but many believe it to have come from Egypt. In ancient Egypt, cats were prized highly, temples erected to their honor, and devotions and sacrifices offered to them; and when a cat died it was customary for its owners to shave their eyebrows. This they probably considered the proper way to mourn their great loss.

The cat which now runs wild on the banks of the Nile, known as the Egyptian cat, is probably of the species so honored by the ancients. It is indgenious to Nubia, found principally on the western side of the Nile, and inhabits districts which are well furnished with under-brush and rocks.

Its fur is of a brownish or yellowish gray tint, and white. The back is of a deeper color than the under portions, and its eyes are bright golden yellow. The Egyptian cat is about the size of the domestic cat, and though not a wild cat, runs wild in the brush-wood. The only noticeable difference between that and the domestic cat is a certain haughty and erect carriage of the head, and an appearance of great watchfulness.

MAKING PINS.—The manufacture of pins is thus described: The brass wire, which is of just the thickness of the pins to be made, is rolled up on a reel at the back of the pin machine. A pair of nippers takes hold of the end of the wire and draws in enough to make one pin. This is cut off and carried to the pointing wheel, where it is sharpened. A finer wheel then finishes the point, and the pin is next carried to the heading die, where a steel punch jams down the end and partly makes the head. Another die and punch finish the head, and the completed pin drops into a box. The machine goes on thus making pin after pin at the rate of three or four every second of time, until all the wire on the reel is used up, when another reel of wire is put in its place. The pins, which are of the color of brass when they come from the machine, are brightened in a barrel of sawdust, which is made to turn round very fast. They are next boiled for about three hours in copper kettles in weak nitric acid in which are pieces of tin. This covers them with a thin coating of tin, and they are then rolled again in a barrel of sawdust to polish them. Lastly, they are stuck on papers by another machine, which puts one row on at a time. Black pins are made by boiling brass pins in Japan varnish instead of with tin.

A COSTLY DONKEY.—An amusing story comes from the Antipodes regarding Sir Robert Duff. On the occasion of the new Governor's visiting the Sydney Zoological Gardens his attention was directed to a donkey imported from the Soudan. One of the officials connected with the gardens informed the Governor that the donkey in question was the most expensive animal in the "Zoo," having cost somewhere about three hundred and seventy thousand pounds. On Sir Robert's inquiry how it came about that such a large sum was lavished on one animal, it was explained to him that the donkey was the only tangible thing the colony possessed to represent the sum spent on the Soudan expedition. It is added that Sir Henry Parkes, who was of the party, observed that the colony possessed other donkeys who had cost her even more than the Soudan one.

M. ALPHONSE DAUDET'S success had been all of his own making, as he went to Paris in 1857 without money and without friends. He is a very delightful man, a genial conversationalist and an agreeable host. When working at a book which pleased him he has been known to keep straight on for twenty-hours; locking the door even against his wife, so that she should not be able to persuade him to desist and go to bed. Daudet is partial to clay pipes, and those he smokes (which repose in a box at his left hand, and are each in turn used consecutively) have quite a history attached to them. They originally belonged to Gustave Flaubert, the author of "Salammbo." When he died he left his favorite pipes, with other things more valuable, but not more valued, to Daudet.

HOW TO SMOKE A PIPE.—To those who are attached to the pipe it may be a matter of interest to know how their last puff or draught of smoke may be as fresh as the first. It is well known that, smoking in the usual manner, the last portion of the tobacco becomes damp from the presence of oil or nicotine drawn from the heated tobacco above, which causes a sickening and nauseating effect, bitter to the taste, and unpleasant and unhealthy as compared with the first half of a well-filled pipe. A contemporary has found the following to be effectual in giving a good fresh smoke from first to last. Place a small quantity of tobacco in the bottom of the bowl, light it, and, when well afire, fill the pipe and, before each draught, give a light puff outward through the stem, which causes the tobacco to burn upward, all below being consumed. This is a sensible way of smoking the time-honored pipe.

"JOHN," said a wife, who was supposed to be on her deathbed, "in case of my death I think a man of your temperament and domestic nature, aside from the good of the children, ought to marry again." "Do you think so, my dear?" "I certainly do; after a reasonable length of time." "Well, now, do you know, my dear, that relieves my mind of a great burden. The little widow Jenkins has acted rather demurely towards me ever since you were taken ill. She is not the woman that you are, of course, a strong-minded intelligent woman of character, but she is plump and pretty, and I am sure she would make me a very desirable wife." The next day Mrs. John was able to sit up, the following day she went down stairs, and on the third day she was planning a new dress.

BRINGING HIS MAN DOWN.—Rogers used to relate this story:—An Englishman and a Frenchman fought a duel in summer time and not to make the act public, and the better to satisfy their consciences in case of the result proving fatal, they agreed to fight in a darkened room. The Englishman, unwilling to take his antagonist's life, generously fired up the chimney,—and brought down the Frenchman. "When I tell this story in France," pleasantly added the relator, "I make the Englishman go up the chimney."

A HAPPY LIFE.—It is worth every man's while to study the important art of living happily. Even the poorest man may by this means extract an increased amount of joy and blessing from life. The world need not be a "vale of tears" unless we ourselves will it to be so. We have the command, to a great extent, over our own lot. At all events, our mind is our own possession. We can cherish happy thoughts there; we can regulate and control our tempers and dispositions to a considerable extent; we can educate ourselves and bring out the better part of our nature—which in most men is allowed to sleep; we can read good books, cherish pure thoughts, and lead lives of peace.

THE following comedy was performed in New York city, recently: Scene—The Tombs Police Court. Police Justice, to witness from the country: "What is your name?" Witness from the Country: "I won't tell you, b'gosh! I know your game. You'll git my name, an' as soon as I go out o' here some other blamed rascal 'll come up an' ask me how 'Mandy an' the children is, an' when I saw my son, the cashier in our bank down at the Corners. I know your game—green goods. I won't tell you my name, b'gosh!"

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(MARIETTA HOLLEY.)

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PIANO OR ORGAN

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys.

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Humorous.

A FLOWERY FABLE.

The rosebud swung on its lofty stem,
And far below in the grass,
A violet sighed the whole day long:
"How sad is my lot, alas!
That none can see my beauty here—"
Just then a man came by,
Who swiped the rose from its swinging stem,
And the violet ceased to sigh.

—U. S. Nose

Stern magistrate: "I think I have seen you before." Humble prisoner: "Yaasir; I used ter 'tend bar."

"Don't you think it is rather cowardly," said the bald-headed professor to the fly, "for a six footer like you to jump on me in this manner?"

Judge: "What were you arrested for?" Prisoner: "I rescued an amateur cornet player from drowning, Your Honor." Judge: "Thirty days for contempt."

"What had the prisoner in his hand when he struck the prosecutor?" asked the magistrate of a policeman. "I saw nothin' in his hand but his fist, sor," was the reply.

Mrs. Hale, just married: "Maria, we will have eels as a second course for dinner." Maria: "How much ought I to get, ma'am?" Mrs. Hale: "I think 12 yards will be sufficient."

Mrs. Youngwife, welcoming husband home: "Now, duckey, I've been cooking all day. I've made pie and cake and biscuits." Duckey, cheerfully: "Then let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

Angry customer: "Hullo! you waiter, where is that ox tail soup? Waiter: "Coming, sir—half a minute." Customer: "Confound you! how slow you are!" Waiter: "Fault of the soup, sir. Ox-tail is always behind."

"Did Miss Flyppe receive many proposals while at the seashore?" "Many? Why, receiving proposals got to be a habit with her. She got so she couldn't even hear a soda water bottle pop without exclaiming, 'This is so sudden!'"

Young wife: "What is the baby trying to say, dear?" Husband: "Give it up; he seems to be trying to manufacture a word about twenty syllables long." Young wife: "Isn't that lovely? He'll be a great scientist some day."

Jimson: "It's very unpleasant to speak of this, but I feel that it is only a duty to myself to remind you that you owe me $5." Stimson, turning on his heel: "Don't mention it, old fellow. I'm glad you've discharged your duty so well."

Miss Frank: "I believe in woman's rights."

Jack Cleverton: "Then you think every woman should have a vote?"

Miss Frank: "No; but I think every woman should have a voter."

Nurse: "Sure ma'am, the twins have been making a fuss all day, ma'am."

Mrs. Olive Branch: "What about?"

Nurse: "It's because they can't have a birthday apiece, like the Smith children next door. They think they have been cheated."

Old gentleman: "Do you mean to say that your teachers never thrash you?" Little boy: "Never. We have moral suasion at our school." "What's that?" "Oh, we get kep' in, and stood up in corners, and locked out and locked in, and made to write a word a thousand times, and scowled at, and jawed at, and that's all."

Bobbie climbed up in his chair at the table and found one of his bib strings gone. "O dear!" he cried, "my bib won't stay on."

"Wait," said his mother, who did not know the string was off, "and Ellen will tie it for you."

"Ellen can't tie it," replied Bobbie. "Nobody can," he went on, solemnly, "but just God."

First Bohemian: "Did you hear about Footless? He went without food for 48 hours so as to get the proper spirit into his poem entitled 'The Starving Flower Girl's Story.'"

Second Bohemian: "Did he succeed?"

First Bohemian: "No. Just as he got into the proper mental and physical condition, Jaggers brought him up a hot frankfurter sandwich."

Foreigner, traveling in America: "Porter, can you get me a pack of cards?" Porter: "Yes, sah (brings them). Seventy-five cents, sah." "I want a table, too." "Yes, sah (fits one and pockets a fee for the service). Thank you, sah." Traveler shuffles cards and deals out of solitaire. Porter retires to end of car for five minutes, then returns: "'Scuse me, sah. Cards are not allowed to be played in dis coach on Sundays, sah."

"Whut'd dey give ye?" asked Plodding Pete.

"Piece 'er Switzer cheese," replied Meandering Mike.

"Well, why don't ye go ahead an' eat it, sted o' settin' there gazing at it?"

"It reminded me of old times; of sorrers past and gone. It brung vivid ter my memory de hour an' a half dat I once worked."

"Whut doin'?"

"Helpin' make armor plate fur guv'ment ships."

FLOWERS.—To dry flowers properly in sand, dishes sufficiently deep to permit the flowers to be covered at least an inch with sand should be procured. White scouring-sand will suit, and it should be laid half-an-inch deep in the dish. Place your flowers stem downwards in this sandy layer, and sprinkle sand over them till all the petals are filled and the blossoms quite covered. It is well to hold the flowers firmly while sprinkling them, so as to insure a thorough dusting. After this operation is finished, place the dish in a warm and dry situation, and after a week examine the flowers. Some of them require a longer time than others. Should there be any sign of moisture in the dish at the time of the examination, dry the sand before using it again, or use new sand. This manner of preserving flowers is superior to pressing them out, as they are kept in shape, their colors preserved, and may be retained for years. Bright flowers, such as geraniums, carnations, pinks, pansies and the gladiolus, are particularly adapted to this method. White flowers, however, will not answer, nor will succulent plants—as hyacinths, for example—produce satisfactory results. Ferns will answer quite well under this treatment. You can make many pretty ornamental arrangements with these dried flowers by mounting them on cardboard, or placing in baskets, according to your taste.

PHASES OF LIFE.—There are in existence two periods when we shrink from any great vicissitude—early youth and old age. In the middle of life, we are indifferent to change; for we have discovered that nothing is, in the end, so good or so bad as it at first appeared. We know, moreover, how to accommodate ourselves to circumstances; and enough of exertion is still left in us to cope with the event. But age is heart-wearied and tempest-torn—it is the crumbling cenotaph of fear and hope! Wherefore should there be turmoil for the few evening hours, when all they covet is repose? They see their shadow fall upon the grave, and need but to be at rest beneath! Youth is not less averse from change; but that is from exaggeration of its consequences, for all seems to the young so important, and so fatal. They are timid, because they know not what they fear; hopeful, because they know not what they expect. Despite their gaiety of confidence, they yet dread the first plunge into life's unfathomable deep.

OLD OAK FROM NEW.—You will have to go a long way before you find a body of men more—well, clever than those cabinet makers who produce goods to satisfy the desire of the public for furniture made of old and fancy woods. They can transform white wood into all kinds of exotic woods by means of chemicals, and a chemist would be surprised if he were to have the run of one of those factories for a day. The manufacture of "old" oak is one of the easiest of their processes. The boards, mouldings, panels, or whatever pieces are required, are made of oak which has just had time to dry sufficiently to prevent excessive warping. They are then placed in a dark room, on the floor of which, and quite close to the furniture to be "aged," are placed several bowls, plates, and so forth of liquid ammonia; the room is then hermetically closed up, and the wood is left for a month or two, according to the age which is required. The coloration will extend to a depth of nearly a quarter of an inch if the room is kept closed for a few months.

A PROFESSOR was lately lecturing at the Harvard Annex to a class of three. In the course of his talk he came to an exposition of his views as to woman's function in the body politic. "Women," he said, "are merely the element of beauty in life; their business is to make life graceful, and they can't do that, you know, unless they themselves are pretty and graceful. If a girl is not pretty, she might just as well vanish from the face of the earth—that is," he qualified, as he gazed at the three sober, spectacled faces in front of him—"er, unless—she's tolerably pretty, you know."

LOW RATES TO DENVER, COL.

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co. will sell round trip excursion tickets to Denver, Col. from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River, July 19th, 20th and 21st, good for return on trains leaving Denver July 27th, August 2nd and 25th; tickets will also be sold to Denver August 8th, 9th and 10th, valid for return passage on trains leaving Denver August 19th, 25th and September 13th.

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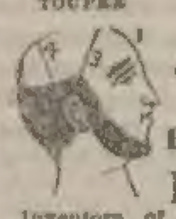
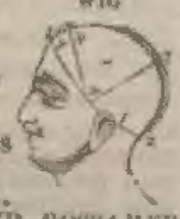
TOUPEE  WIG 

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 20, '82. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

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Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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Leave Atlantic City Depot; week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 8.45, 5.00 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

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